

J. W. Mitchell Chaplin's

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly About People



MAY, 1921

HOME BEAUTIFUL
EXPOSITION NUMBER

20 CENTS

A Handful of Gold for Heart Thrills



What Has Been the Most Thrilling Moment in Your Life?

We want your real thrills. It might have been the plaintive cry of your first born, or the falling of a leaf, kissing your first sweetheart—or the first speech in school. It is found already they are as varied as individuals.

Write and tell us about it so we can print it. Be complete, brief, vivid. Heart Thrills—that's what we are after! Share your Heart Thrills with us.

If you have not experienced a thrill, send in somebody's thrill you have heard about that interested you. *Anyhow, send in a Thrill*

Now for Your Heart Thrill!

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A GRAND AWARD for a description of the Greatest Thrill will be announced in the NATIONAL

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MAIL THIS COUPON

with a (not more than 500-word) description of the thrill of your life to Heart Thrill Editor,
National Magazine, 956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

By Mitchell C. Chapin
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

Name..... *Under 18—Adult over 18*
Address.....
Town..... State.....

To the Silent Circle

HERE in this place serene,
 Arched o'er with heaven's hue,
 Under your tents of green—
 Sleep on, O boys in blue!
 Winters will come and go,
 Summers will wax and wane,
 Soft will the breezes blow,
 Cold sweep the wind and rain,
 Sunshine and starshine gleam,
 Petals and snowflakes shower—
 Here you will lie and dream
 Through God's appointed hour.
 Here WE will stand and dream—
 Here will our children stand—
 Catching the distant gleam
 Of glory brought our land
 In the heroic past
 When your young hearts were stirred
 By Freedom's bugle blast—
 Thund'rous your tramp was heard—
 Marching with soul aflame
 Not with the lust for strife—
 But loving Freedom's name
 Better than you loved life;
 Bravely resolved to save
 To its high destiny
 This land, without a slave,
 Our land, made truly free!

Here where these gravestones white
 Like soldiers, stretched in line,
 Stand guard, by day and night,
 Here is a nation's shrine;
 Shrine of the love we bear
 For that you fought to keep
 Proudly afloat in air
 Above you, as you sleep;
 Red as the sunset's glow,
 White as the morning's light,
 Blue as the heaven's bow,
 When summer's skies are bright,
 Red as the blood they shed,
 Who died in battle's roar;
 White as your souls, O dead,
 Blue as the garb you wore.
 Red as the heart of Love,
 White as its purity,
 Mingling your graves above
 The blue of loyalty.
 Here let us catch the red
 Courage that glowed in you,
 The white faith of these dead,
 The fealty of their blue.

Here in this holy ground
 Taps have been blown for thee,
 Angels of God will sound
 Thy morning reveille!
 "We fought to make men free"—
 That day the dead arise,
 No other need there be,
 Password to Paradise!

—George B. Lockwood.

'T WAS AN AUTHOR'S FIRST BOOK

One famous author, who has written of numberless thrills, remarks: "I can safely say the most remarkable thrill of my life accompanied the first little book that came through the mail, from a London publishing house—my first successful effort. It was more or less, I suppose, the name of that old reliable publishing firm in two colors on the cover, together with the little violin in the corner, that made it all seem my very own—the child of my brain."

Many people experience "one merry round of thrills in a single year. Do you? Tell us about it, whatever shape or form they may have taken. This is the first time a record has been made of heart thrills—so get it down in black and white in type, so future generations may appreciate that the experience of heart thrills are as wide and different as all the angles of human life and activities.



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. L

MAY, 1921

New Series No. 2

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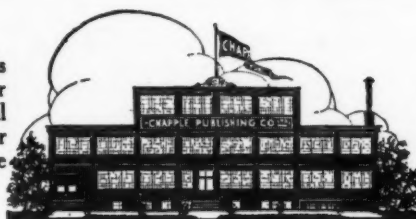
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THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND—MRS. FLORENCE KLING HARDING



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ALL the world seems to be "congressing" in the capital city in May time.

There were the Daughters of the Revolution, who stood in a line thirty-five hundred strong at the White House to shake hands with the President and the First Lady of the Land. The Daughters in annual session do much to keep the home fires burning with memories of patriotic men and deeds.

The Parent-Teachers Association, in fact about every woman organization that has an annual meeting, looks with favor upon Washington as a meeting place, especially when the President is there and Congress is in session, so that they can come in personal contact with the men, as well as the machinery of the government.

It is a hopeful sign that the women of the country are taking such keen interest in national affairs. They are qualifying more earnestly for the responsibilities of the ballot than the men were ever known to do.

Washington is filled with school girls and school boys who are drinking deeply at the Pierian springs. There was Congressman Kelly with his delegation of high school boys from Michigan. There were the Senators and Representatives leading in stately tread a procession of constituents eager to see the President and look upon Congress in session. Even the Cabinet officers were not exempt from conducting personal tours about the Capitol.

A great throng of visitors gather on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at the Executive office to shake the hand of the President and "drop in" at the White House. Hour after hour of Presidential time is taken up in smiles and greetings to the people. Best of all, he seems to enjoy it and never seems to grow weary of meeting the folks from home and the large delegations which may include, as he laughingly remarked, "the future President may be calling today."

While a severe tax upon his physical strength, there is the golf game for relaxation. When he won in the foursome, playing in a driving rainstorm, with Chick Evans as his partner, he was happy. He had effectually smothered the golf ambitions of the Senatorial golf oligarchy.

It is the golden minutes that count in the hours of a President's work, but never a moment passes that Warren G. Harding does not remain human, free from the halo of officiality—one of the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us. Even his dog, "Laddie Boy," plays a part in the daily life of the President of the United States.

* * * *

ARE we biting off more alien flesh and blood than we can digest? This is not a question of cannibalistic dietetics, but a problem of preserving American civilization for Americans in deed and in truth. It is a national issue ably brought to the front by Representative Albert Johnson of Washington.

This Pacific Coast Congressman has had pending for several sessions a bill temporarily suspending immigration. In a speech at the short session, with the appropriation bill under consideration in committee of the whole, Mr. Johnson made a strong argument for his measure. Quoting the phrase, "We, the people of the United States," from the preamble to the Constitution, he showed that the population in 1790, just after the Constitution went into effect, was about 3,250,000 and constituted as follows: English origin, 2,345,844; Scotch, 188,589; Irish, 44,273; Dutch, 56,623; German, 156,457;



HON. ALBERT JOHNSON
Chairman of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization,
House of Representatives



HON. JOSEPH IRWIN FRANCE
United States Senator (Republican) Maryland

French, 13,384; Hebrew, 1,243; other nationalities, 3,835. There were also 757,208 negroes, and the question early arose as to whether these were not "of the people." This was settled by the Civil War.

The Revolution was won by English stock, Mr. Johnson said. English, Scotch and Irish blood ran in the veins of 78 per cent of all Washington's soldiers. Today the Nordic stock runs in but a bare majority of our population. There were more than thirteen and a half million of foreign-born people in the country in 1910. This represented an increase of more than 30 per cent in ten years.

"From the time of the Civil War until comparatively recently, homesteads and first papers were handed out together, and the newcomers proved up on their lands and took out deeds and final papers on the same day, after five years, and have made good ever since. They are now among our governors of states, our Senators and our Congressmen. They are mayors in great cities, and are councilmen, aldermen and school directors in every town and hamlet."

These people described by Mr. Johnson did not bring notions of a new government, he proceeded to say; did not flaunt the red flag of anarchy. Deportations were almost unheard of. But America ceased to attract the old and became the goal of a newer kind, which swelled the immigration to as high as 1,200,000 annually for several years shortly before the war. These were mostly good and well-intended, but speaking every known tongue, crowding into the cities, reading their own language newspapers, cutting each other's wages in the fight for existence, and left to shift for themselves except for the guidance of the leaders among their own peoples already here.

Honor was accorded by Mr. Johnson to the 400,000 aliens who fought with our troops and those of the allies. We have

offered to make citizens of them. To that date about 250,000 alien soldiers had accepted naturalization, but Mr. Johnson asked what progress we had been making with ten or eleven million others. Even with the impetus given by the war, the actual number naturalized, 1910 to 1920, was only 1,161,066.

Reasons for the proposed enactment given by its author were: Because we are saturated—because we need a breathing spell—because we have ten million already on hand to naturalize. "So many countries in Europe have broken down that the best they can offer to their poor is worse than the worst that we can offer." So they are coming in hordes. For want of money they cannot go to the farms. Immediate gain is what they are after, but now the opportunity for such does not exist in our cities. Without the faintest idea of what government by the people means, their discontent with conditions is easily fanned into flames of revolution by paid agitators.

"What has this government ever done for you?" roars the agitator, and these poor, misguided, helpless people forget that this government has made the orderly nation in which they are living. They forget, too, that their own brothers are back there across the sea still plowing with sticks for the want of our kind of government and our intelligent use of capital.

Congressman Johnson contended that if present immigration policies are perpetuated the United States, from being "every man's land," as the Japanese declare, will, before many decades, become a veritable "no man's land." Concluding, he makes this eloquent appeal:

"Our American spiritual unity, which seemed so secure a few decades ago, is not yet forfeited. I think it is threatened. Preserve it by checking or stopping immigration until we have cleaned house thoroughly. Save it forever by deciding and insisting that this is, and of right ought to be, and shall forever remain, a nation of one language."

* * * *

IN the office of Senator France of Maryland are some large copies of world maps and a great array of books on all subjects. The office gives evidence of an investigating scholar and thinker.

The maps of the world show the colonies of Germany and England in red. These maps are graphic illustrations of the principle involved in the bill introduced by Senator France for taking over islands and colonies to cancel European debts.

Senator France is a doctor by profession, and naturally he has studied the world, with its national organisms, in an anatomical way. He insists that you cannot exist with a member or part of the body diseased without injuring the entire system, and when you conceive of Europe prospering with parts of Germany and all Russia diseased, it is like trying to imagine yourself healthy with some of your organs not functioning.

As he stood up before his desk and pointed to the maps, there was an earnestness in his manner that was impressive.

I could not help noticing his purple necktie, which seemed to emphasize his flings at royalty and others of the purple.

He is a comparatively young man and delights in the practice of his profession.

* * * *

ABUSINESS that "costs more than it comes to" is no longer a business, but a folly or a philanthropy. Cost finding science in business has been greatly developed in the past decade, yet here as in every other human interest doctors have differed. Now the United States Chamber of Commerce has taken a hand in the diagnosis, its Fabricated Production Department having made cost systems the subject of a bulletin, entitled, "How to Distribute Overhead Expense in Good and Bad Times."

"Our cost systems are too inflexible," the bulletin says. "Under ordinary cost methods, overhead expenses are spread too thin in times of forced production, and massed too heavily in periods of slight demand and output, giving, in the latter

case, costs that are artificially high and unfair to the public, and moreover costs which the market will not generally sustain." The bulletin advises that cost systems should provide that overhead expenses will be pro-rated on the basis of a normal year. Then in time of production exceeding normal, the overhead should be more than used up in costs, and a surplus out of overhead cost created to take care of times when the output is below normal.

"To take a very simple illustration," the bulletin proceeds: "Let us assume the normal output of a department is one hundred pieces and the overhead one hundred dollars, or an overhead charge of one dollar per item. If the department produces one hundred and fifty pieces at a normal overhead charge of one dollar per item, not only will the overhead be used up but there will be an additional fifty dollars as a reserve. When the output of the department drops to fifty pieces, only fifty dollars will be applied to this reduced production, and the difference made up from the reserve established during unusual production."

It is pointed out that the determining of a normal year is not easy; it requires a long look behind, not forgetting to look ahead, also. Operations of the preceding year are not sufficient. The normal year is different for a new organization from what it is for one long established. That the treatment of overhead in the way indicated is not a panacea for all our industrial ills, the bulletin admits. It is only one step toward realizing more stable prices and eliminating those wild fluctuations that end in industrial depressions. That it is a step that should be taken, however, the bulletin argues in conclusion as follows:

"Thousands of firms went through the recent years of full blast operation upon a basis of overhead distribution essentially unfair to them. A start in the right direction must be made, and upon such firms, is urged a consideration of adjusting overhead charges on the basis of a normal year; it is so advised both as an advance in sound cost accounting, and as a measure to facilitate that business revival we all desire, need and anticipate."

* * * *

EXIT the excess profits tax. In a national referendum vote on mooted taxation amendments, taken among the membership of the United States Chamber of Commerce, the demand for repeal of this particular tax was almost unanimous. There were 1,718 votes for, and only forty-four against the proposal. This verdict would appear to coincide with public sentiment in general, as revealed in press and platform discussions of the question.

Big business, as represented by the Chamber, however, does not reflect the public mind, so far as reading and hearing make apparent, with regard to the proposed sales tax. This device in one form or another appears to have strong support throughout the country, while it lost by only small margins in the Chamber's referendum.

The proposal that revenues now derived from the excess profits tax should be replaced by increased taxes on incomes was defeated by 1,004 against 571 for it.

There were 1,217 for and 504 against the proposal that there should be excise taxes upon some articles of wide use but not of first necessity.

That a sales tax should be levied instead of the taxes mentioned in the two foregoing propositions was rejected by a negative majority of 151, and that a sales tax should be levied in addition to income and excise taxes was turned down by a negative majority of 131—or an average negative majority of 141 committing the Chamber against any sales tax whatever. This position is confirmed by the voting on three types of sales tax by the members favoring that form of taxation. There were 511 in favor of a general turnover tax, 580 in favor of a limited turnover tax, and 541 in favor of a retail sales tax. Combined, these figures make 1,632, the average



MRS. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Wife of the Secretary of State, outranks the other Cabinet ladies. Mrs. Hughes was Antionette Carter. Though of New England parentage, she was born in Milwaukee, spending most of her childhood in Baltimore and New York. Her father, Judge Walter Carter, was fond of assisting young law students. In his New York law office, there worked at one and the same time William Howard Taft and "Charlie" Hughes. One of them Antionette Carter married—the tallest and best looking

of which is less than a third of the average of affirmative votes cast on the preceding five proposals.

There were fifteen questions of taxation submitted. Results of voting on the nine remaining after those mentioned above are as follows:

Income from any new issues of securities which may lawfully be made subject to Federal tax should be taxable. Carried 1,386 to 275.

American citizens resident abroad should be exempt from the American tax upon incomes derived abroad and not remitted to the United States. Carried, 1,252 to 456. It was represented by the committee submitting the referendum that under the present law American citizens living abroad are at a disadvantage in competition with citizens of other countries.

Profits arising from sales of capital assets should be allocated over the period in which earned, and taxed at the rates for the several years in the period. Carried, 1,411 to 243.



HON. WALTER EVANS EDGE
United States Senator (Republican) New Jersey

An exchange of property of like or similar nature should be considered merely as a replacement. Carried, 1,547 to 142.

Net losses and inventory losses in any taxable year should cause redetermination of taxes on income of the preceding year. Carried, 1,350 to 323.

Ascertainment by the government of any tax based on income should precede payment. Carried, 1,215 to 479.

Administration of income taxation should be decentralized. Carried, 1,321 to 390. This proposal was argued for adoption because of the great inconvenience to many taxpayers of having to journey to Washington on taxation matters that might be handled in their own districts.

There should be a moderated and graduated tax on undistributed earnings of corporations. Lost, 640 to 1,063.

Each individual stockholder of a corporation should pay his own normal tax. Lost, 693 to 975.

The overwhelming vote in favor of abolishing the excess profits tax makes it clear that business men are united in their view that the impost hampers business operations and retards the progress of readjustment. Among the objections to the tax pointed out by the committee were that it produces inequities, that it is difficult of administration, that price reductions will decrease revenues from this source and that the tax encourages extravagance.

That the referendum evidences certain strong influence against increasing income taxes in any wise, along with opposition to a sales tax, gives some idea of the difficult problem confronting Congress. The net conclusion of the Chamber's voting is that the excess profits tax must come off, with noth-

ing going into the public chest in its place, excepting the new securities issue tax and the excise or luxury tax favored by the vote.

How, then, are the enormous requirements of the government to be met? The man up a tree can only answer:

"That's what Senators and Representatives were elected to find out."

* * * *

IT took Jersey lightning to awaken the nation to consciousness in the matter of picking up trade relations with the outside world, where they were broken off by the war. Not the kind from the spiral worm of the still, but the lightning that human live wires transmit. Under the provisions of the Edge bill, called after the New Jersey Senator who introduced it, corporations with billions of capital at command have been organized to provide the distraught countries of Europe with credit, to enable them to buy the surplus products of America.

Senator Edge has a way of "getting the edge" on things. When he tackled the fortunes of Atlantic City, it was a place where solitude roosted on sand dunes. Largely through his leadership and push, the sandy wastes are today buried under abodes of affluence, a convenience of commerce, installations of industry and palaces of pleasure. Edge, it was, who fought the Jersey mosquito to a finish.

Success in his twin vocation of newspaper publisher and publicity expert attended him from the time he began his busy life in New Jersey. Born November 20, 1873, in Philadelphia, he early moved to Pleasantville, New Jersey, and was graduated from the public schools. He founded the *Atlantic City Daily Press*, and later bought the *Evening Union*, publishing both papers in conjunction with his advertising business, which was expanded until branch offices were established in New York, London, Paris, Brussels, and elsewhere.

At twenty-four years of age he was initiated into public affairs, in which his career forged steadily upward, ever since. He was journal clerk of the New Jersey Senate in 1897-99 and secretary of that body in 1901-04. The year 1909 saw him seated in the New Jersey Assembly, and in 1910 and 1913 he was elected a member of the state Senate, being its president in 1915. In both branches of the legislature he was the majority leader. Mr. Edge was a presidential elector in 1904 and a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1905. He was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1916, with a plurality of 69,647 over the Democratic candidate, which exceeded by more than 18,000 the largest plurality ever before received by a gubernatorial candidate in the state. In the Republican primaries of 1918 he was nominated to the United States Senate with a plurality of 71,575, and elected the following November, against a field of four candidates of other parties, with an "edge" of 25,279 over the Democratic aspirant.

Senator Edge is well equipped by experience to deal with problems of national defense. He was a second lieutenant of volunteers in the war with Spain, and after the war, a national guard captain. Two governors of New Jersey had him on their personal staffs and subsequently he was chief of ordnance, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, on the staff of the major-general, commanding the New Jersey national guard.

* * * *

STREAMS of visitors appear at the White House early in the morning. It looks like a long line at a movie matinee. They are admitted at 10 A.M.

At 10.05 they are in the famous East room, walking on the waxed floor, gazing at the chandeliers, taking it all in, as if they were truly visiting their Uncle Sam's home.

There are four mantelpieces in the East room. The familiar busts of Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin complete the statue display. The chief usher of the White House, Isaac Hoover, is happy these days. Doors wide open means more fresh air within. He is a Washington boy—in fact was born

in the Capital City—but he never knew much about the White House until he was called there in an official capacity, during the Harrison regime.

Under seven administrations he has cared for the first home of the land and has shown the White House to millions of visitors, and has heard the usual visitorial comment.

The characteristics of each President and first lady of the land have been a study with him; he has never forgotten their relations to the people.

In the side room at the right of the entrance, he directs the public visitors. At the entrance you will find the great bronze seal of the U. S. A., embossed on the marble floor. This impresses every visitor passing the portals from the portico or porte-cochere. The portraits of Roosevelt on the left and Taft on the right adorn the main entrance—welcome the visitor with typical but varied American smiles.

* * * *

THE first Sunday in Washington in 1921 was like an April day in New England. It confirmed the opinion of members of the Diplomatic Corps who have traveled the world over, that Washington has the most perfect climate of any capital city of the world.

Upon this first Sunday after New Year's I met Thomas R. Marshall walking down F Street, wearing a high silk hat that tapered toward the top, smoking a five-cent cigar, altogether in a happy frame of mind. Remember Thomas R. Marshall was then Vice-President of the republic.

"I have been to church this morning," he said, puffing vigorously, "and have made a new set of resolutions, but I think they will fare better than some recent resolutions of the Senate."

He was walking toward his hotel, and when he arrived and pressed the button he could not resist making another sally: "Everything that goes up must come down, and I am going up, even if prices are falling."

Eight years ago the same genial soul came to Washington and made his famous introductory address to the Senate, comparing that august body to a horse's bridle. His comments on public affairs and his homespun philosophy have a real Hoosier tang.

He was one of the most popular members of the late regime in Washington, for, whatever some men think of his political advice, all agree that Tom Marshall has good, sound sense. One enduring laurel is that which came to his brow as president of the United States Senate. It is generally acknowledged that few men ever have presided over that greatest parliamentary assembly in the world with more affability, tact, integrity, and wisdom than did the sturdy little statesman from Indiana.

* * * *

LOG cabins on this continent are as scarce today as grass huts in Hawaii. For the persistence of both types of architecture the preservation of historical relics and the enterprise of exhibitors are more responsible than the circumstances or choice of home builders.

Yet the product of the old-time log cabin of the pioneer who conquered his bit of American wilderness continues to crop up among the figures illumined by the calcium light of fame. Several examples have been shown in recent character sketches of noted men appearing in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Here comes another.

He is a man still in the meridian of life, as age is figured in these days of improved living and reluctant dying. Daniel Richard Crissinger was sixty years young on December 10 last, yet in his expended three score years he has managed to acquire a thorough education, a distinguished law practice, success as a banker, a splendid position in industrial enterprise and a leading place among food producers.

His place of birth was a log cabin in Tully township, Marion County, Ohio, his parents moving to Caledonia in the same state when he was about three years old. There his father



HON. DANIEL RICHARD CRISSINGER
Comptroller of Currency for the United States

opened a store and also engaged in the lumber business. His father was of Holland-Dutch descent, his mother from Germany.

Mr. Crissinger graduated from the Caledonia high school in 1880, having previously taught one year in grade schools and another year as assistant in the high school. He graduated from Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, with the degree of B. S. in 1885, then read law with Judge W. Z. Davis at Marion for three months. A year in the law school of the University of Cincinnati, where he graduated in 1886, was followed by a law partnership with his former preceptor.

Elected on the Democratic ticket in 1888 as prosecuting attorney, while still holding that office he was elected city solicitor of Marion, and re-elected for two successive terms. He ran for Congress in 1904 and 1906, but those were bad years for Democrats in the Buckeye State. The Roosevelt prestige was too powerful for them to overcome.

As a lawyer, Mr. Crissinger's practice has been largely the handling of business interests, and has taken him to almost every state in the Union, all over Canada and Alaska. Also he had clients in South America, Africa, and Europe. Consequently Uncle Sam has a comptroller who knows the U. S. A.

Assisting in the organization of the City National Bank of Marion in 1900, he was its vice-president ten years and became

its president in 1911. When that bank's charter expired in 1920 he helped to organize in its place the National City Bank and Trust Company, becoming its president. He is a director of the Marion Steam Shovel Company, of which he has been general counsel for twenty-two years, director and vice-president of the Marion Union Stock Yards Company, director and

treasurer of the Marion Packing Company, director of the Marion County Telephone Company, president of the Marion Cemetery Association, and connected with other enterprises about Marion. Some of these companies he helped organize.

Mr. Crissinger owns several large farms in Marion County, buying and feeding cattle and hogs, and is deeply interested in the advancement of agriculture, as well as business and industrial development. He understands the relationships of business.

In 1888 he married Ella F. Scranton of Concord, Michigan. They have one daughter living.

Withal, Daniel Richard Crissinger is a confirmed "joiner," being a



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HON. WILLIS C. HAWLEY
Member of Congress (Republican) First District
of Oregon

wearer of the insignia of a Mason, Knight Templar, a Shriner and an Elk, but insists that the greatest fraternity of all is the Order of American Citizenship, with its hundred million membership. In the Comptroller's office in Washington he took up his work as he has all other undertakings, with the spirit of mastering the problems and securing results.

* * *

OREGON has a solid delegation of three native sons in the House of Representatives, all being cases of re-election last year. The senior, both in age and congressional service, has eight consecutive elections emblazoned on his shield. His parents crossed the plains to Oregon in 1847 and 1848, or a year or two in advance of the rush of gold-seekers to California. They were descendants of people who came to New England prior to the American Revolution.

Willis C. Hawley, whose public record and honorable pedigree have just been mentioned, represents the first congressional district of Oregon, as he has done since March 4, 1907, when the sixtieth Congress opened. He is one of the increasing number of scholars figuring in American statesmanship of the period. For eight years he was president of Willamette University, Salem, Oregon, and for sixteen years professor of history and economics in that institution, from which he has

received the degrees of B.S., A.B., and LL.B., also A.M. *in cursu* and LL.D. *in honore*. He is a member of the Oregon bar and the United States district and circuit courts. A public speaker and lecturer on historical, political and financial subjects, he is withal a student in various branches of knowledge.

Congressman Hawley is the fourth member in rank of the Committee on Ways and Means. He was appointed a member of the joint committee of both chambers which framed the Federal Farm Loan Act, also of the National Forest Reservation Commission and of the select committee on the budget. Mr. Hawley is an active member of all the committees on which he serves—nothing of the drone about his functioning in Congress. He is specially qualified in laws relating to taxation, both tariff and internal revenue.

His business capacity is exemplified in private life by his having held the position of manager of the Pacific jurisdiction of the Woodmen of the World, an institution having over \$200,000,000 of insurance in force, since the year 1896. Mr. Hawley, who was born May 5, 1864, near Monroe, Benton County, Oregon, is married, and has one daughter and two sons. Both sons volunteered to serve in the world war, Cecil C. becoming lieutenant in the 18th Engineers, and Kenneth F. lieutenant in the 56th Engineers, Searchlight Division.

The nation, as well as his own state, has reason to be proud of Congressman Hawley.

* *

THE editors in Congress ought to feel at home under the administration of the Editor-President. New Mexico at large is represented in the House by an editor, the chief of editors in his state at that.

Congressman Nestor Montoya is president of the New Mexico Press Association. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives of that state, and has been a member of its Senate for twenty-five years. So, among the members of

both the press and the legislature of New Mexico, in reality as in coincidence of name, he is "the Nestor of them all."

Mr. Montoya was one of the framers of the constitution of New Mexico, a colleague in that task having been former United States Senator A. B. Fall, now Secretary of the Interior. During the war he was chairman of the draft board of his county and a member of the Council of Defense. Two of his sons were in the A. E. F. As an editor and a speaker, Mr. Montoya is fluent in both English and Spanish.

His conversance with public questions in newspaper life and long experience in legislation save him from the necessity of lengthy pupilage for "learning the ropes" in Congress.



HON. NESTOR MONTOYA
Congressman-at-large from New Mexico

Did "Honey" size it up correctly?

Is the Home the "Love Nest?"

*"Let not these pearls be cast before the ——— blind!"
How a bride-to-be viewed the Home Beautiful Exposition*



O idealize, to dream, is the ambition of many, but the realization of but few. Your idealist is of little avail unless he has genius to achieve his ideals and is mindful of the fact that achievement means the end of delightful visions. Their ending only makes way for new dreams of triumphs to be won. Mr. Campbell is an idealist of that sort, who dreams only to do. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, without the proverbial "silver spoon in his mouth," Chester I. Campbell left the grammar school at fifteen and was manager of a safety bicycle contest at sixteen. Then clerk in a wholesale grocery store, followed by three years with Bradstreet's, always he was holding expositions from the time he gave shows with pins for admission. He understands what people clamor for, knows how to handle a crowd, and has unusual executive ability.

* * *

Mr. Campbell's first auto show was staged in Symphony Hall, Boston, in 1902, and he had charge of all the great war expositions. In the latter he won international fame. Other of his successes were textile, shoe and leather, motor boat and Chamber of Commerce exhibitions. He finds a basis for his ideas and then proceeds to build.

In the Home Beautiful Exposition, for instance, the basic theme was a real wedding. It was the one idea that served to fulfill, in the minds of those homey people who came to see the exhibition, their concept of a "home beautiful." Here the producer had a project that was not merely sentimental, but had attached to it the matter-of-fact considerations identified with the event, which proved to be the very practical thing for a crowd that came to be entertained. For hours the crowd stood and waited to witness the nuptial ceremony performed on the great stage in a bower of bridal flowers. The lights flashed on as the strains from "Lohengrin" began, and when the words were spoken amid the hush and solemnity of a church, the crashing symphonies of Mendelssohn's wedding march sent them on their way, saluted by the cheers of the multitude. This real life drama made such a hit that other prospective brides came blushing forward to offer themselves at the spotlight altar for the most blessed "sacrifice."

It was to show married folks, in a thousand ways, how to "live happily ever after" that this great domestic show was instituted. So well was this end achieved that the event is destined to be a permanent annual institution. Before the lights were out space for many exhibits next year had been reserved. In the Home Beautiful Exposition Mr. Campbell developed something unlimited in its scope of new and original ideas. The heart of life's dreams for the great majority, now and ever, was centered in a home. The immortal song of "Home, Sweet Home" tells the story. From toddling babe to tottering age there is always something in the home idea that rivets interest. Whether the girl with dolls, or the boy with dogs and trains, or man and woman seeking to make a home, in love's young dreams, the interest is universal. "All the world loves a lover," and lovers lead to homes—and "Home Beautiful" centers an ideal in common.

More than three hundred and fifty booths were installed in the Home Beautiful Exposition, and hundreds of thousands of people were in attendance. In it Mr. Campbell reached the

climax, we might say, of his rather dynamic career. The number of industries that go to make up further possibilities along this line is even too vast to permit of a count.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL EXPOSITION AS "HONEY" SAW IT

The good old days of "rub-rub-rub" are no more! My great-grandmother and yours grew wrinkles all their lives trying to settle housekeeping perplexities, and then they died and were buried under the sod, regretting to leave behind them everything but that leaky gas range and that rusted washboard.

These good old souls knew naught of the delights of fireless cookers, or the pleasurable anticipations of monthly instalments on furniture. Their lives were consecrated to round after round of ungainly flatirons and hard mattresses, probably interspersed only with a few hours of freedom at twilight, when the last cat had been wound up.

Sardonic lament having been attempted, it is but fair, perhaps, to wax sensible and discuss the possibilities of the present day bride-to-be, in connection with the gathering about her the usual heterogeneous mass of things necessary for peaceful living. Our sit-easy bride of today waves her magic wand and little imps of toilers appear ready to do her bidding. Everything runs automatically—that is, when the city furnishes electric "juice." "Honey" is awakened at a respectable hour in the morning by her pet canary that was purchased under a guarantee of singing absolutely in tune and agreeably. She (the bride) is lifted out of her lacy bed by a seemingly invisible force, hurled into the air and deposited in a "curtainless shower." The "Automatic Awakener" does it all. All she has to do is to say her morning prayers.

"Honey" is then dried by an "automatic dryer" and finds herself spirited away to the clothes closet. Her wardrobe is all arranged—anything to suit the weather, even to umbrella and rubber hat. An electric button starts the fabulous eighth wonder, the "automatic clothier," and, presto, she is seasonally arrayed! Now "Honey" finds herself serving "Hubby" with delectable slices of toast prepared on the "Marvel Handy Toaster." She has not had to burn her pretty fingers in possible contact with a hot, old-fashioned oven. All is serene. Life becomes such a marvelous thing that she really doesn't mind putting out the effort of feeding herself. Not at all!

* * *

So the day spins by on golden wings of electric appliances, automatic mechanism and serviceable dummy waiters. "Honey" keeps her nails polished throughout the day. The vacuum cleaner is a pleasurable toy in her hands. Her lily-white face receives no discoloration from an hour's torture over a coal range. She owns an electric range now. Monday is never "blue" to her these days. She is now the possessor of a "1900 Cataract Washer." The musical canary is given his leaf of lettuce and pot of birdseed by "Whitewash," the tiny colored girl whom you get with every package of "Brick Dust Twins."

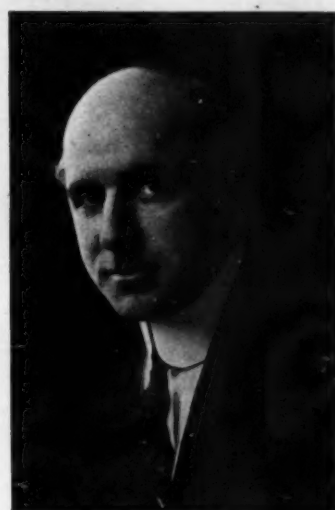
There are slip-ups, of course, in the home of every bride. "Hubby" finds his employers do not appreciate him to the fullest extent, as revealed by his pay envelope. So "Honey" suggests that "Hubby" invest his dimes and pennies in the Massachusetts Trust and Savings Bank instead of poker chips. During the Home Beautiful Exposition this booth looked



EDWARD ELY HOXIE
Architect



JOHN L. LASH
of Waldo Brothers and Bond Co.



A. V. LALLY
of Chase & Sanborn

sincere. They urged you to "save money in the co-operative bank." Furthermore, that you "get back at maturity over a third more than you pay in!"

There were scores of such "Honeys" at the Home Beautiful Exposition in Mechanic's Building from April 16 to 30. One heard pleading, confident, shrill and summoning voices cry out the merits of "The Autopiano—Choice of our Own Navy," the type A B-I "Bisk-Kitchen, built of steel, equipped with everything but flypaper," the "Johnson Country Life Body."

I lingered long about this booth, anxious and jealous of lapping up all these gallant and gay demonstrators gave out to the public! Perhaps their germs were more instructive than entertaining. At any rate, we will leave it to you. Here it is:

"Here you are, everybody! Gaze at this superb structure of joy, bliss, comfort, and satisfaction. Here you have a Ford-Packard Sedan, capable of staggering the most chesty traffic cop. Rear part folds up into a Packard-like twist; you can make of it a ton-Harvard truck if you wish, or you can transform it into a sleeping compartment; room enough for four! When you feel itchy, musty and dusty, all you have to do is to reverse this box; it's lined with water-proof material; holds two inches of water, enough for any sizable bath! When you sleep, pull down your side and back curtains, hang your legs over the seats, and say your prayers. If you're thirsty (everyone looked up eagerly at that), just remember there's a spring under the seat. Ladies, you have hot and cold water here; hot in the radiator, cold in the spring under the seat. What more can you wish for?

I paid my war tax and strode up to the "Gardenside Home," built by Pope & Cottle. As an architectural psychologist, Edward Ely Hoxie played the game fair and square. This picturesque \$9,500 house was handed to you on a platter, so to speak. You found in it a Steinway, a Victrola, the novel Pittsburgh Waterheater for this immaculate "Honey," Mellin's Food for prospective additions—in fact everything necessary to make living in it a "go."

Close by was the doughty "Moxie-Boy"—he was omnipresent. I quenched my thirst for knowledge admirably.

Now "Honey" nobly refused an invitation to a certain musicale, and instead, set out to consult her "oui-ja" regarding the matter of a set of veranda awnings. The replies she contrived to get convinced her Old Sol should be conquered. Accordingly, the American Tent & Awning Company became a privileged audience to "Honey" the next morning and demonstrated "how things were let down and up" in such a series of remarkable twists that it made you fairly dizzy.

The display of tents, flags, awnings, etc., shown "Honey"

fairly hypnotized her weaker person. She remembered, however, that no home was complete without a Spencer vacuum cleaner; that a Spencer was as necessary to a home as a chimney was to a house, and she made a clean get-away.

When the "Spencer-baby" arrives at "Honey's" back door, we will see a reincarnation of the medicine chest. Formidable-looking bottles labeled "Consumptive Remedies" will be promptly ostracized, and "Honey" will have no fear of inhaling dust-laden air. The cleaner will become a part of the house equipment. We discover, by eavesdropping, that it is the only one of its kind—that it takes the dust out of the most discouraging-looking rug and shooes it into a bin; that is quite enough. "Honey" unperturbably surrenders her broom.

I learned from the G. W. Bent potentates that there are a lot of bogus devils allowed to live, who make mattress stuffing with the "tragedy of the alley!" Horrible! They themselves guarantee to give you a mattress stuffing that betokens pre-sanitary conditions and prevents miserable nightmares. The Wonderfelt mattress had come, had seen the deplorable American conditions of sleeping, and was going to conquer!

I feel very confident that "Honey" conceived of an *idea* when she visited the booth of D. M. Shooshan and afterward learned of his success in managing the big and popular bridal dinner at the Home Exposition. She marched "Hubby" into the restaurant of D. M. Shooshan and bade him not forget its location; then, confident of "Hubby's" future serenity of disposition, she marked off several red-letter days on her calendar. They read: "All tranquil at home with Hubby; prepare to disembark aft and eve!" Wise "Honey" likewise had faith in the "power to appease" on the part of the Plymouth Rock Gelatine—Hubby liked Jello!

It took three husky men to prevent the "Lionel Poole Trains"—twentieth century toy—from going off the track. You almost felt like turning round to tip a Pullman porter for his kindness in making up your berth. One befogged 2x4 booth advised me to have a "happy baby." I took the circular advising "every baby to cry for a Hammock," but waived the advice on having any kind of a baby. In front of the Charles Norris piano was found a blushing bride who had nothing but time to spend at the Exposition. When she had vanished the demonstrator took it out on poor me. "Madam, here we have a piano capable of emitting harmonic ripples by foot, hand, or electric power—excellent thing for the fiddler," etc. I assured him I was no fiddler and that I already knew all the love dirges in print. So he lost another sale.

The curtainless shower enlightened me further by proxy.

Said wify to hubby, "Louie, I do think if we had one of these showers, you would be inclined to take more baths." I'll bet she unhooked her own dress that night. The demonstrator handed me a circular whereon was printed, "A bath a day keeps you fit!" I told him I spent my evenings more profitably.

The "1900 Cataract Washer" gave us a wax study of the old familiar "before and after," of which the "before" was truly pathetic. I felt sorry for the Biddy of yore.

The Colorite people, chaperoned by Carpenter & Morton, had me hypnotized. Their iridescent display of dyed fabrics, hats, etc., made me want to go straight home and dye everything contained in my wardrobe.

Attendance was mixed, indeed. Peculiarly in abundance, however, were the "nibblers," who sampled everything from White House Coffee to dressing a la cracker, and betook themselves to the nearest exit, thereby proclaiming themselves ahead one meal ticket. This sort was wont to amble up to Hires' and inquire of exhausted "white aprons" whether this booth sold ginger ale, root beer, or the old favorite "Moxie."

The Jackson Newton people, who deal in doors, windows, asphalt roofs and the like, kept a rigid eye on newlyweds as they passed by the booth. The Haco Mills put out "down and wool puffs," to fight dust, and I began to exploit the stock, but discovered they didn't even know the proper size of a lady's puff. Mephisto would have felt at home where the New England Coal and Coke people were trying to convince potential customers that coke was much cheaper to burn than coal, also more sanitary, and just as satisfactory.

The Hanson Laboratory, "George Moulton's Buttermilk" exhibit, was doing a rushing business with advocates of the Eighteenth Amendment, as well as the "antis!"

"Honey," omnipresent it seemed, got in touch with the Joseph Breck seed idea, and, counting her "bridge" pennies, announced she would buy an Ideal Power Lawn Mower, so "Hubby" would have plenty of time to count his own chips. The Gurney Heater Manufacturing Company of Boston told me I would never have cold feet in Boston if I owned a Gurney! The next booth flaunted a gay banner, "Some women dread baking; others use a Glenwood!"

You all know the Downes Lumber Company, of course; and, Mary, they will build your love-nest on the merits of your smile if you promise always to love, honor and obey your husband! Now, if "Honey" is visited with a tragical brainstorm it will be because she cannot decide whether the H. B. Smith Boiler, the Pierce-Butler, the Pierce Steam Boiler, the Powerful Pipeless Heater, or the Nokol Heater is most meritorious. And "Hubby" has a staunch ally in the form of the Minneapolis Heat Regulator. This "new dish" consists of two batteries, connecting wires, a clock and a thermometer. The last two objects can be placed in the bedroom or your kitchen. They connect with the furnace. You wind up your Big Ben at night, after your fire has been "sat upon," figuratively speaking, setting the clock, say, for five in the morning. Promptly at five something automatic will turn on the switch underneath the thermometer. Your pulleys now open the draft and close the check, and you prepare for another "turnover." No need to slide down three flights of stairs every ten minutes to open, close, open, close. It was on a Smith boiler! What more simple?

And "Honey's" laundry? We are prone to flounder on this question! Like judgment day that is to come, on one side of her are rows upon rows of electric washing machines, galvanized iron clothes-dryers, 6 x 7 feet, with a heater attached. Here was shown the routine work of an ideal Massachusetts laundry. Blue Monday dies a natural death. Their work is beautiful to behold. In fact, it makes "Honey" want to have her lingerie laundered in such a scientific style and then be prepared to add wings to soar higher. With an electric washing machine "Honey," on the other hand, is able to steal three hours off every afternoon, to visit the Zoo and Mrs. Jones! How to decide, that is the question. Just the same,

that little "Primer" they got out looked mighty good reading to "Honey" and her permanent constituents.

* * * * *

Somewhere we have found a bungalow containing five rooms, furnished complete, for \$525. That almost makes us want to discard the doughty Johnson Life Body Car. And then we can beat that, too. The Summerfield people put out a five-room house for \$500, which means that "Hubby" gets better cigars for a few weeks, if he chooses the Summerfield furniture plan.

If "Honey" selects Klearflax, all-linen, colored rugs, she will have better luck matching things. Let her call up Galvin for her choice in posies and she won't ever want to invest in traveler's cheques. The Allen & Hall Craftex way of showering



CHESTER I. CAMPBELL

plaster of paris on the sides of the house is quite unrivalled. Again, for "Honey's" sake, we are in a dilemma. Doesn't the Devoe Velour Finish sound equally good? With the latter, it means that you apply any color paint you like to beaver board, wall board, plaster or woodwork, then instead of the scrubbing brush, take a crumpled piece of paper and simply pat the wall gently but firmly. The result is exquisite.

"Honey" ran up against memories with a capital "M" when she came around to the "Iver-Johnson canoe"—those days of earnest wooing!

The Gorham artistic silverware display needed no advertisement. One old lady, of perhaps seventy, standing in front of this booth, was heard to say: "Why, yes, I still have my set of Gorham silverware. It was given me when I was married." In a similar manner were the Chambers Fireless Gas Ranges given impromptu advertisement. A gay little girl of perhaps

twenty, floating by on the arm of an escort, exclaimed, "What perfectly stunning ranges!" I can only surmise she had a direct motive in her ejaculation. In this Chambers range the doors of the oven are packed with insulating material all around, so that if the oven is terrifically hot inside it will remain as cool as a cucumber on the outside. This permits the cat to rub up against the range without singeing her tail and thereby creating an unpleasant odor of burnt hair all over the house.

From hot ranges to cold refrigerators! Somewhere in the region of your kitchenette should lurk an Isko Refrigerator. It is lined with pipes around which artificial ice is created. In one compartment are cubes which, if filled with water and set in the refrigerator for a short while, will turn the water into ice. You can then have your iced tea and cold lemonade.

The Sowers Tractor put "Honey" in mind of the pictures of "tractors and tanks in France" that were sent her by "Hubby" during the war. She was quite prepared to believe, however, that this tractor was made "for greater peace."

Simmons College was there! A booth on which was heaped such an array of books; everything from "The Baby's First Two Years" to "Chafing Dish Possibilities" and "Feeding the Family." An Ampico attached to a Chickering piano was reeling off Chopin's Third Etude in a style that made me fairly shrivel up and feel like a discarded, dried apricot. I rushed down almost into the arms of a Stearns lumber man, who took advantage of the opportunity by reciting "We deal in cypress; you won't get bored with boards you buy at Stearns!" I firmly assured him that while some folks preferred cypress over their graves, I would have mine in my home, and before I heard Gabriel's bugle-call.

"Honey" succumbed immediately to the charm of the Fay-Allen Chummy Roadster—the Maxwell car. Didn't you?

If you missed the stage setting of Chase & Sanborn, you missed quite the show! It was a regalia of bewitching Dutch-costumed flaxen-haired maids, rounds upon rounds of delectable "draughts," and tables at which were seated the type of people who "are particular." You fell under the magic charm of the pervading atmosphere immediately you stepped into this impromptu New England coffee-house.

Neither were you to escape the magnetism of those curtsying maids! They served you Seal Brand tea and coffee and you sipped all, and called for more. The treat made you almost forget the tragedies of Prohibition. That national beverage, still left us for universal consumption, prepared in such a distinctive way by the Chase & Sanborn people, put all in such a very good humor!

The center stage was fitted up like a brilliant-lighted coffee house of the very latest mode and type—probably Fifth Avenue? Overhead blinked an immense coffee cup. It bade you welcome and more! The atmosphere breathed good cheer and a guarantee of self-satisfaction. One visited and re-visited!

Then I met a Western Electric enthusiast, who showed an electric dish-washer. And for baby? I can offer but one article. Carter's Knit Underwear, made of all of the best fabrics, for all the family, reasonable in price, durable in quality, is undoubtedly "the" thing for baby!

The famous footlights superintended by the McKenny & Waterbury Co., who are ever at the bottom of everything when it comes to "lighting the world," made me feel envious of every ham actor ever billed!

So much for the footlights. The audience made a daily count of from fifteen to seventeen thousand. What do we deduce as the cause of this universal community stir? Why, that a domestic rivalry is springing up among our home-lovers.

The Jones family receives snatches of talk from the Smith family regarding that new "something or other" exploited in the Home Beautiful Exposition, and fearful lest the Smith family score one over the Jones family, Mrs. Jones herself, hurriedly dons her Georgette and lorgnette, to sally forth on a similar cruise. If Mrs. Jones then succeeds in adding one or two new-fangled notions, set up in all their pomp and splendor in the Jones homestead, why, Mrs. Smith will conduct another exploration and go her one better. The resources are endless, you may be sure!

And so we shall end with the gospel, newly made: More attractive homes make for greater inclination to live at home; follow better morals, universally!

* * * *

To be able to do things and also show how things should be done is ability that marks the master. A man there is in Boston who is a marvel that way. What he cannot do with gasoline, electricity, or gas, is hardly worth learning, and he has an enviable knack of showing others how to handle these mighty sources of heat, light and power.

Chester I. Campbell, the wizard of automobile shows, during the month of April personally directed one of the most attractive as well as useful, exhibitions ever held in Boston. This is the Home Beautiful Exposition. Mr. Campbell's own home seemed to be in Mechanics Building, both while the show was being installed and when admiring thousands were being held enthralled by the exhibits and profiting by the practical demonstrations of their utility which the director superintended.

The place chosen for this great show was the traditional and contemporary prestige, not only for public exhibitions of art and industry, but, in its grand old hall, affording a forum of free speech, where popular grievances are aired and great projects of human welfare promoted. It dates back to the stirring times of Paul Revere, when Dame History brought forth the greatest self-contained and self-controlled nation of the ages.

Mechanics Hall has been occasionally the generating station of hot air that was futile, but the kind of calories pervading the place during the Home Beautiful Exposition radiated only delight, comfort, and convenience to home makers and house-keepers. True to the promise of the announcement, the exposition revealed how the greatest home-builders design the various parts of a modern domicile. Visualized there were a model playroom, a model kitchen, a model dining-room, a model laundry, etc.—how each should be placed, constructed, decorated, and furnished.

Cooking with gas or electricity—the convenience, simplicity, and cleanliness of the processes—was demonstrated to a dot. Examples of the many devices, saving time and labor, which lighten and brighten this vital branch of housekeeping—once meaning almost unmitigated drudgery and unescapable dirt and waste—were exhibited and their manipulation explained. The latest labor-savers in hardware and culinary and cleansing utensils were shown; in fact, house furnishings of every description. Heating appliances that spelled the contrary of "the hot place" to furnace slaves of winters past were set up, their advantages over old methods reconciling the imagination to winters coming.

Prodigious is not too big a word to characterize the grand installation. By the same token, its directing mind may be acclaimed a prodigy. The Home Beautiful Exposition came as a climax to all the great expositions which have been under the direction of Chester I. Campbell.



Did you ever stop to think that—

Humanizing an Industry



Puts an entirely different face on its possibilities for greater development?—William M. Wood of the American Woolen Company and his co-workers



RULING by reason instead of by edict is the new way of conducting industry in this country. It recognizes the workers as reasoning men and women, not merely "hands" to hire on the terms, as to the job, of "take it or leave it alone." This new plan gives the workers facts and figures of the industry, pictured so clearly as to enable them to judge for themselves what scale of wages the industry can afford. They are put in the position of stockholders in a corporation who are regularly consulted in its affairs, and rightly so, for in modern industry labor is as truly an investment of those supplying it as is the capital that starts and keeps the wheels going round.

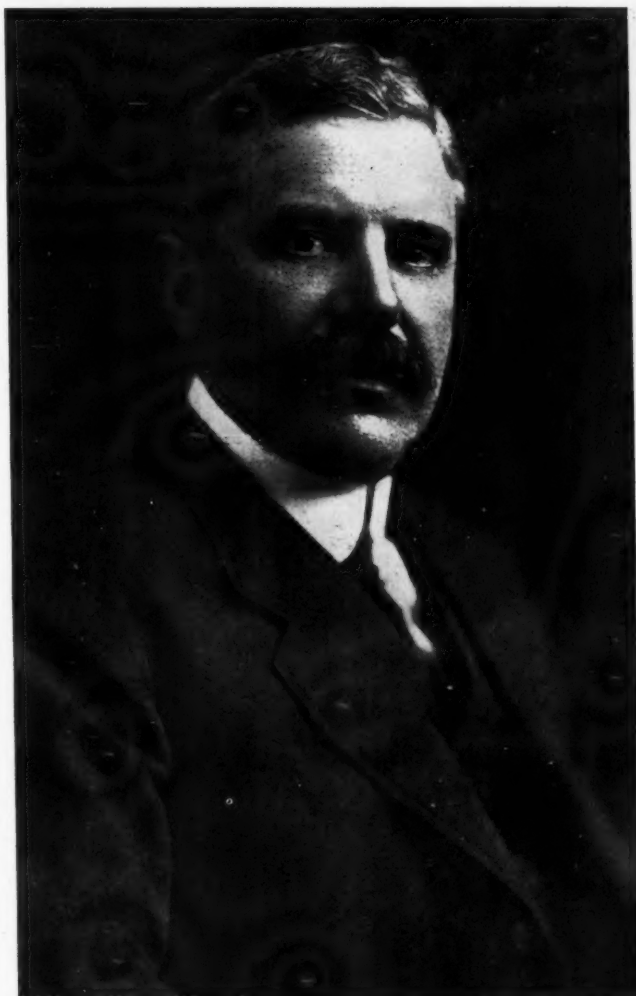
In the present reconstruction period there has been no development more promising than the action of managing heads, here and there, in frankly taking the workers into confidence and discussing with them, face to face, all the circumstances of production and marketing of the commodities produced by the capital and labor jointly involved.

Among such instances of humanizing of industry a notable one is that furnished by Mr. William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company of Lawrence, Massachusetts.

In the latter part of 1920 Mr. Wood met a group of employees representing all departments of the Lawrence mills in response to their request that he make a statement on business conditions in the textile industry and what action the company would take in view of the then recent adjustment of wages made by other textile mills. His welcome was spontaneous and hearty, affecting him so deeply that he prefaced his written speech with a talk of twenty minutes, in which he frankly laid open the conditions of the industry and what the company had done to meet them. He said he had never seen the existing conditions in the textile industry equaled in the thirty years he had been connected with the American Woolen Company, but, although at this time orders were unobtainable, he thought he could say that the clouds were lifting. With this prelude, that instantly won the sympathies of the gathering, Mr. Wood read his prepared address.

With reference to the stagnation that had extended over many months, he proceeded to tell of the lack of orders and the cancellation of orders for spring goods. Allusion was made to the country-wide advice people had received "not to buy until prices had been reduced," and the spectacular wearing of overalls in many sections to break prices. In these depressing circumstances he said the American Woolen Company, which was foremost in the upward movement of wages, had stated that it would be among the last to reduce them. It had kept its word and now faced a situation compelling a reduction of wages with great reluctance. While economically this seemed inevitable, the company was still studying the matter. It was confronted with the serious question of competition.

"We cannot hope to secure orders for our mills against both foreign and domestic competitors if they pay wages lower than our own," Mr. Wood said, and quoted the following statement filed with the Ways and Means Committee at Washington by the National Association of Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers: "Based on the present rate of exchange, the present wages paid to textile workers of the United States are three times those paid in England, six to seven times those paid in



WILLIAM M. WOOD

President of the American Woolen Company

France, thirteen to fourteen times those paid in Germany." In his concluding remarks, in which he reiterated the reluctance of the company to make any move and asked for time to give the matter a little more thought, Mr. Wood said:

"In a great organization like ours, that requires such a vast product to keep its machinery moving, it is necessary that we should put on the market the very best goods at the lowest possible prices to meet all competition, in order to secure the necessary work that you all may be constantly employed or as nearly that as possible."

Thus he showed that they were interested, equally with those whose money was invested, in having the mills running. That the sponsors for the workers saw the point was at once evident in the responses made by representatives of three departments—one of them a woman and another speaking for the Italian workers—but what was emphasized (Continued on page 90)

"Taps!" for Past Commander-in-Chief Grand Army of the Republic

By GUY RICHARDSON



RAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!" Yes, in single file the "boys" that saved the Union threescore years ago are approaching a bivouac from which only by the reveille of the last trumpet shall they be awakened.

One of the new graves of the nation's old heroes to strew with flowers on Memorial Day is that of a chieftain among the veterans of the sixties. John E. Gilman had filled the offices of commander of the Thomas G. Stevenson Post at Roxbury, commander of the Massachusetts Department and commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He held the supreme position ten years ago.

Born in South Boston on December 22, 1844, John E. Gilman was in his seventeenth year when Lincoln's first call for defenders of the Union was proclaimed. At that time he was learning the trade of tinsmith after receiving a grammar school education in two institutions of that grade. Right away he wanted to enlist, but was opposed by his parents. Then he and a companion tried to enlist anyway, saying they were nineteen. Being told by the recruiting officer that they must get the signatures of their parents on the enlistment blanks, they went outside, and came back with the names of their parents on the proper lines—but written by the youngsters one for the other. They were mustered into the service and sent to Camp Cameron at Cambridge. Gilman's parents threatened to secure his release on the grounds of fraudulent enlistment, but the boy dissuaded them by declaring that if they did so he would run away and enlist under another name.

Mr. Gilman first served in the Twelfth Massachusetts regiment, commanded by Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster. Later he was detailed to a Pennsylvania battery, returning to his old command after Antietam. At a review of the Army of the Potomac he had his first sight of Abraham Lincoln, the brief glimpse making an impression on him that was life-lasting. Mr. Gilman took part in ten important engagements. His unit at Fredericksburg lost one hundred and five men out of two hundred and fifty. On the second day of Gettysburg his fighting days were ended by the loss of his right arm, shattered by a shell and amputated by a surgeon on the field.

After his discharge he tried to earn his living in a Boston machine shop, but the handicap of the missing arm was too great. Then he got a job as a salesman, and in 1864 he was made a messenger for the House of Representatives of Massachusetts. Later he was placed on the state constabulary, and after that became a settlement clerk for the State Board of Charities. Ten years afterward, or in 1883, he entered the employ of the city of Boston as settlement clerk in the Public Institutions Department, ultimately becoming chief, and in 1901 was appointed as Soldiers' Relief Commissioner, retiring at the first of the present year. On the 20th of February he died in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Besides his prominent identification with the G. A. R., Mr. Gilman was connected with fifty other organizations. These included young men's and boy's associations, literary and social clubs. He was a trustee of the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea. For many years he sang in the choir of St. Mary's Catholic church, where he met Miss Mary E. Lynch, a soloist there,

whom he married on November 8, 1870, and who survives him, together with two sons, two brothers, and a sister. Last fall his golden wedding anniversary was celebrated.

Comrade Gilman was ever a very staunch friend of the Sons of Veterans. When he was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, the head of the order of Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., was Fred E. Bolton, a member of Camp 46,



THE LATE JOHN E. GILMAN

Former Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic

Roxbury, attached to Post 26 of which Comrade Gilman was a member. Two of his own sons have been very active in the same Camp. Comrade Gilman was ever proud of the Sons and of the splendid showing in the annual Memorial Day parades of his Post of the members from the Camp. He, too, valued the services of the Sons in going out, as is their annual custom, to personally help the soldiers decorate the graves of their departed members. No visitor or speaker was more welcome in the Camp-room than Comrade Gilman, and, until within a very few years of his death, he (Continued on page 92)

One Apprentice in the Making

By JERRY LORENZ

BECAUSE this biography is representative of one of the biggest and most alluring guessing games the world has ever seen, we will start in promptly to name the apprentice to the Halls of Fame. She is Miss Edith Lang, born Nebraskan, transplanted Bostonian, one of the cleverest movie organists of the present day. Organist of a church on Sundays and of a theater house on week-days, still Miss Lang finds time to compose.

Tradition makes slaves of us all—especially of the classicists, and so next in order must be related her genealogy.

A "D. A. R." on all four sides of the family circle, as far back as 1640, Miss Lang admits cheerfully being of Scotch-Irish descent. This latter admission is simply superfluous; one would surmise instantly her business caution and judgment, coupled with her talent for witticism and originality, must have found, as its nucleus, the above-mentioned lineage.

Because we form instant impressions of persons on their tastes, and because it is refreshing to hear some one in these days speak frankly of his or her likes and dislikes, we will insert here the propensities, wise and otherwise, that characterize our "apprentice."

"First of all," she breaks in, "I like everything that's healthy and normal, including wiry Irish terriers. I like the country living so much, I am willing—nay, even insistent—to commute twenty-five miles each day. I like bright colors, beans in a hurry, and Jack London at night. I like Lowell's poetic efforts also, of course, and better than anything else in the world, probably because I know I won't ever get time to do it, is—to dance!"

"My dislikes are probably too vast, uncurbed, but still here they are! People with poorly ventilated minds, flash-backs, (movie film quick changes necessitating lightning-quick change of organ registration), people who inhale their soup musically, and Tom Moore in the role of The Prince Knight."

All this between gurgles of coffee, where Miss Lang healthily devours her "beans."

"And your screen favorites?" I made attack.

"Oh, they fluctuate in regard, but I still stick up my fist stoically for Mary, despite all the popular 'crabbing'; and I like House Peters pretty well."

Now when you make the mistake of growing too enthusiastic about a particular star in filmdom, Miss Lang the practical, will immediately take all the "row" out of romance. "If, to you, this particular star possesses all of the attributes of a screen artist, and you exclaim devotedly, 'Oh what soulful eyes he turns on us!'" this little diversion-seeker will probably cut you short with a "Yes, he does know how to make love a bit better than he did last year; but probably the new director is to blame."

Now let us watch the apprentice grow up!

"I've played piano ever since I was four years of age. Began the beloved, though at that time dinky pump organ, at the age of nine. Because I played by ear, eons before I learned how to read music, I had much difficulty in playing what I read when I read it. In a Presbyterian church in Nebraska stood the old-fashioned type of pump-organ—the kind little youngsters used particularly as objects of mischievous pranks. I would be pledged to play for Junior Leagues and things, and would sit



MISS EDITH LANG

One of the most versatile organ interpreters in "movie-dom"

down before my little box, wade half-way through a solemn hymn, when poof! the little scamps deserted the pumps, and I had no more wind to utilize. I was pretty much of a spitfire then, and they always found time and cause to regret their little misdemeanors.

"I resorted to a 'kid-trick' in realizing the absolute bliss of playing for the first time, on the church pipe organ. When I was asked to play the 'dinky' for services, I said I would be cheerfully willing to 'if' I was allowed to operate the big organ for an hour. Concessions followed and peace reigned. There was hardly the expectant thrill present when I took my seat at the pipe organ; I experienced too much of a trembling sensation going on somewhere in the region of my knees.

"When I was sixteen, I began my first position at the organ. My watch may be an Ingersoll, and my realized ambition a

Ford, but my ideal, then, was J. Lang, noted organist of Boston, now deceased. From the moment he said to me, 'The Lord meant the women to learn to play organ, because they wear petticoats so they couldn't see their feet,' I knew he was it, despite the fact that his logic at the present day would hardly hold water, for the skirts of today are like good speeches, long enough to cover the subject and short enough to arouse interest.

"I then studied with Wallace Goodrich, dean of the faculty of the New England Conservatory, and went to Munich in 1911. There I met as my teacher Joseph Schmid, the favorite pupil of Reinberger, at the Royal Academy. When I returned to Boston, the Fates were having a day off, which resulted in my shaking hands with H. Allen, a most 'understanding sort.' He was at one time owner and manager of the Castle Square Theater, and it was there I got my experience, playing for the movies during the one season it ran as a movie-house. It was through the kindness and constructive criticism of Mr. Allen that my certificate as an 'experienced' made its appearance."

Miss Lang has been organist of the First Unitarian Church in Watertown for ten years, and movie organist for the Exeter Theater for four years. Her professional hobby is "pretty girl soloists." She admits she would rather have business to do with girls, although an emphatic "But I'm not a scorner of men!" declares to us she is perfectly normal and a world-lover. She repudiates any truth in the present-day statements to the effect that our modern girls are "going to the bad."

"It is pure chatter, without foundation. I firmly and honestly believe that our modern girl is and will remain good, not because she doesn't know any better, but simply because she wants to be good! People who do these 'soap-box stunts,' lamenting aloud to the world that our present-day girl is no more the o. f. virtuous type, continually forget the preservation of their own morals; and they forget, too, that in days gone by, our 'clinging vine type' was sheltered and protected to a much greater extent than is the modern girl. The entrance into a business world has naturally evoked a change of attitude with our girls."

This sturdy upholder of the feminine sex declares she considers the woman organist perfectly fitted for the work; more so than the men. "Women are more emotional than men," Miss Lang says, "and consequently they are more suited for the work. There will always be a world-wide demand for women organists in the country, both in the church as well as in the theater."

Reverting to "ambitions," it is safe to assume Miss Lang's expectations will surely, if eventually, be satisfied, for listen to this meager outlay of wistful desires: "I want an organ in my home; I want to make enough money to be able to compose big things; I want to give people enough pleasure, through my playing, and my compositions, so that after I'm 'six feet under,' they will occasionally recall to mind my having existed at one time. I want to load the 'pot' brimful so as to give my mother all the comforts she can possibly desire, in later years."

As a composer, Miss Lang "rated" six encores at the Pops Concert in Symphony Hall last season when her "Prelude Relieuse" was rendered. She has written scores of cantatas, choruses and piano sketches.

This all-around bundle "of energy" stoutly declares she is

equally at home while climbing over the Presidential Range among the White Mountains of New Hampshire; equally pliable as a sailor on board a yacht—all this despite evidences of delicate structure. It is to marvel that Miss Lang, with her slight appearance, is able to accomplish what she is accomplishing each day. Her tiny "make-up" would seem to indicate that she is but an adornment; the supposition, however, would soon be effaced when one listened to her performances. What she lacks in physique she makes up for in vastness of heart. Always ready and willing to help girls, where she can advisedly do so, Miss Lang has long ago established a reputation for herself as a "worth-while friend."

For the exclusive benefit of our romantic reader, we insert just a caption of Miss Lang's private digressions, pertaining to qualifications her husband would need to own. Says she, "If I could find a man who knew ten times as much as I did, and who would be willing to become sincerely interested in my work, I should marry him." Which declaration would not be misconstrued as being egotistic if you knew Miss Lang.

"Do you always find your self-possession and confidence present at the beginning of a concert?" I asked her.

"Hardly!" was the astounding reply; "I shall never forget the first vaudeville show through which I struggled, and I wasn't particularly proud of myself either, after I arose from my throne before the piano at the end of the show. I take off my hat to the successful vaudeville player. As for composing myself, in order to play the organ when I know someone has come into the house expressly to hear me play, it can't be done! Naturally, I become over-anxious to do my best, and, of course, do my worst!"

Of the psychology of organ-playing in a movie-house, there is much to relate. Miss Lang offers the following "pearl gems" guaranteed to work out at all times, and not "subject to change of notice."

1. If you end a series of selections in the key of E-flat, you must be prepared to transpose everything that follows, in another key, so as not to produce a yawning or bored audience.

2. If you go to sleep on the job and become too interested in the picture, forgetting the fact that you are not an audience, but on the entertainment committee, you are likely to find yourself very much alone, inside of ten or fifteen minutes.

3. If you have mastered the art of "thinking down your left sleeve," so as to play the melody with your left hand, and variations with the right, you are listed as "an apprentice."

4. If you stumble on a melody that has at one time lived in the memories of some of your audience, you will immediately "pipe" the welcome cry of stifled sobs and sniffles; you will have struck a minor chord. The conquest is yours for the asking!

Miss Lang accounts for Schumann-Heinck's success by the mere fact that the latter sincerely loves her audience; that she feels as though everyone is sincere in his efforts to laud and encourage. That is the secret in its entirety.

"If you will always remember to have a sincere and honest respect for your audience, never treating them lightly, always assuming the majority present will appreciate your efforts, why you will always remain topside up!" is the advice given us.



Where Romance Reigns

By
MARIE WIDMER

*In and around lovely Lugano, a
beauty spot in Italian Switzerland*

CLOUDS were gathering and the forest-clad mountains looked sombre and still, like soldiers on strenuous duty. A storm was brewing north of the huge barrier which nature has set up in the heart of Switzerland, the mighty St. Gothard, and storms in that part of the country are both magnificent and awe-inspiring in their superb revelation of the wrath of the elements.



Village of Goschenen on the Gothard line, Switzerland

But we were not going to witness this spectacle today, for our goal was the sunny south and our eyes feasted on the glorious scenery traversed by the Gothard line and its altogether marvelous construction. Soon this oldest of great Alpine railways will be entirely operated by electricity, the mode of traction which in years to come will, no doubt, become general in this country, which is so richly blessed with water power.

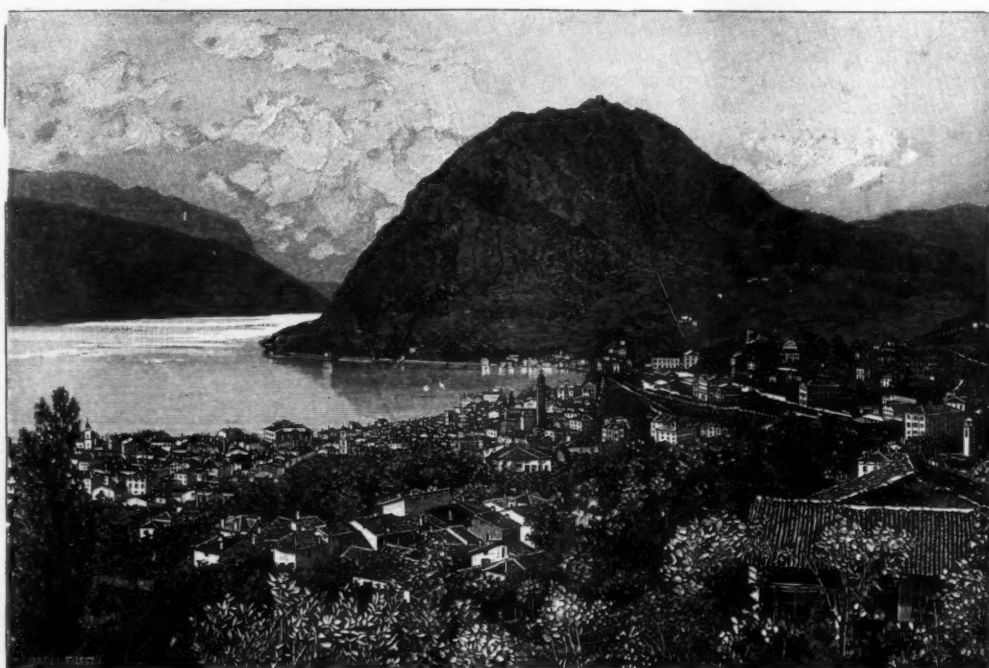
A brief fifteen minutes, then a burst of sunlight, and the proud mountain giant is traversed! We are still in Switzerland, but as we rush on we perceive that the little Alpine republic is, indeed, a land of enchanting contrasts. Vegetation is becoming more luxuriant; the style of architecture gives evidence of Italian art and Italian tastes, and the inhabitants are no longer of the sedate type we have encountered in alemanic Switzerland, nor can they be compared with the natives of French Switzerland; it is

another race whose very bodies express grace and rhythm, a people whose life is as closely interwoven with song and music as it is with the unfathomable mysteries of the profound Roman Catholic faith.

Above and along the course of the foaming Ticino winds our track; frequent waterfalls relieve in silvery clouds the monotony of the rocky mountainsides, and a diminutive chapel or shrine perched here and there high on a precipice makes us wonder just why anybody could select such an inaccessible spot as a place of devotion. Enormous chestnut trees begin to spread their branches protectingly over the picturesque groups of dwellings which form a village; entire fields of sturdy grapevines, trained on extensive trellises, betray the flourishing wine industry, and everywhere there is maize, tossing its white, tufty heads in the warm breeze.

Bellinzona, the capital of the canton of Ticino, with its proud old ramparts, lies behind us, and presently, on the slopes of Monte Ceneri we behold a glimpse of the fair lake Maggiore, on the opposite shore of which lies Locarno. Then comes a tunnel, and the smiling valley of Agno beckons to us; another tunnel, and we have reached a sunlit fairyland, an enchanted garden—Lugano.

In dazzling whiteness it stands out on that turquoise-hued lake whose every turn is an infinitely graceful curve, accentuated yet by the group of finely-moulded mountains which form the setting to this matchless jewel; San Salvatore, Monte Bre, Monte di Caprino, Monte Generoso, they are the guardians of this wonderland, and their very names lure and delight. Lugano blooms under a southern sky, but it does not present that parched and dried-up aspect in the height of summer, as



Lugano with the San Salvatore, Switzerland

is generally the case of such regions; on the contrary, there is always a delightful breeze in the air and the gardens and olive groves which form such an attractive feature of the city are ever luxuriant and green.



A general view of Sion, Switzerland, the historic capital of the Valais

While modern Lugano spreads itself along the stately quays bordering the lake-front far out to the romantic suburbs and the immediate hills behind the town, the old part of the city occupies a stretch of flat land behind the quays. Old Lugano dates back to the Roman era, and its very age fills it with a captivating atmosphere. Much of the city's business is transacted under the shelter of arcaded streets, which are so solidly paved as to withstand the wear and tear generally caused by the ages. Fruit vendors, souvenir bazaars, and regular stores have permanent quarters here, and the merry clatter of wooden sandals, much worn by the natives, mingles with the voices of the marketing populace.

Lugano is renowned for its piety, and newcomers who are first surprised to hear the church bells chime frequently on an ordinary week-day soon discover that this is only a regular part of the day's program, and that the women specially endeavor to answer the appeal of those chimes in person. The city possesses an unusually large number of places of worship, and the first of these to attract our attention is the humble church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, which is decorated by some of the best works of Bernardino Luini, a fresco in three sections of "The Passion," "The Last Supper," and "The Madonna," dating from 1529-30, and recently renovated. While they are considered to be of priceless value now, the gifted artist received at that time a recompense of twenty-nine gold talers for his labor of two years. Truly times have changed!

A little higher up, on a terrace permitting of an extensive view, towers the cathedral San Lorenzo. The edifice is really not finished, and some reports seem to indicate that all the available funds for the erection of this temple were used for the facade and the interior. While the later is almost too sumptuous to permit quiet meditation, the

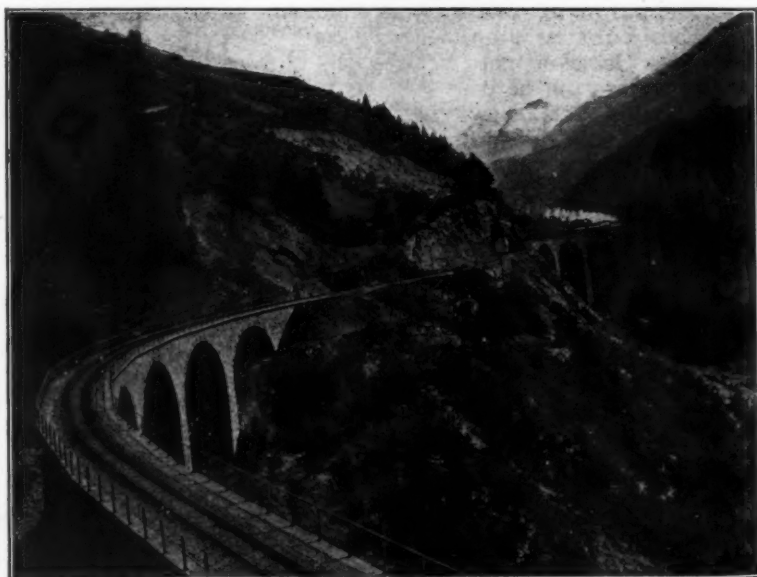
facade by Tommaso Rodari is, indeed, a triumph of sculpture, an anthem sung in pure white marble. Connoisseurs have unanimously declared that it is the finest church front to be seen in Switzerland, and perhaps one of the foremost specimens of its kind existing in Europe at the present time.

But if the populace of Lugano has its strong religious inclinations, it is by no means without its pleasures. Attractively-furnished cafes of various size offer refreshments of every variety, ice cream included. Concerts, theatricals, and moving pictures help to shorten the evenings and the lake, whose radiant loveliness is still enhanced at night when a silvery moon and a myriad of bright stars throw their reflection on the slumbering waters, never fails to cast its spell over visitors from northern countries and amorous couples of any nationality.

We find ourselves in a beauteous southland which never shivers

from cold, and where the air itself, scented by the delicate perfume of exotic blossoms, suggests an elysian drink.

After many interesting explorations, we board one of the trim little steamers which, together with short connecting railways, form a convenient link between the lakes of Lugano, Como, and Maggiore. The frontier between Switzerland and Italy



An interesting section on the Rhaetian Railway, Switzerland

is very irregular here, and the steamer stops at ports of the two nations on one and the same trip. A striking example is Campione, the first port of call after Lugano-Paradiso, a typical Italian village, all isolated on Swiss terri- (Continued on page 80)

What of Our Foreign Trade?

By SAM B. ANSON

NO period within the brief but active existence of the National Foreign Trade Council has offered more for the consideration of potential or actual American exporters than the present. Foreign trade extension today, more than ever before, is essential to our maintenance of the position of a creditor nation. Moreover a foreign demand that is permanent is imperative to the stability of our industrial production. No longer does the heretofore usually reliable domestic consumption absorb our industrial output. New and greater markets abroad must be found.

American industry never realized this more keenly than right now. Until the European war came along like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky and opened to American industry such a foreign demand as it had never before experienced, the average American manufacturer generally had been content to potter along dependent upon his purely domestic consumption. He wasn't interested in foreign trade, didn't care for it, shied at its intricacies and regarded it as a will-o'-the-wisp which was likely to lure him off the beaten path into ways beset with pitfalls and danger.

This insistent war-made demand, which came wholly unsolicited and unheralded, which we hadn't expected and were not prepared for, which set our industries to working double shift with increased forces and sent everything ballooning skyward almost overnight, incidentally thrusting upon us an era of prosperity such as America had never known in all her hectic and unparalleled history of industrial development, changed all this. It revolutionized our conception and appreciation of foreign trade. It opened our eyes to the real value and inspired us with ambitions for world trade conquest.

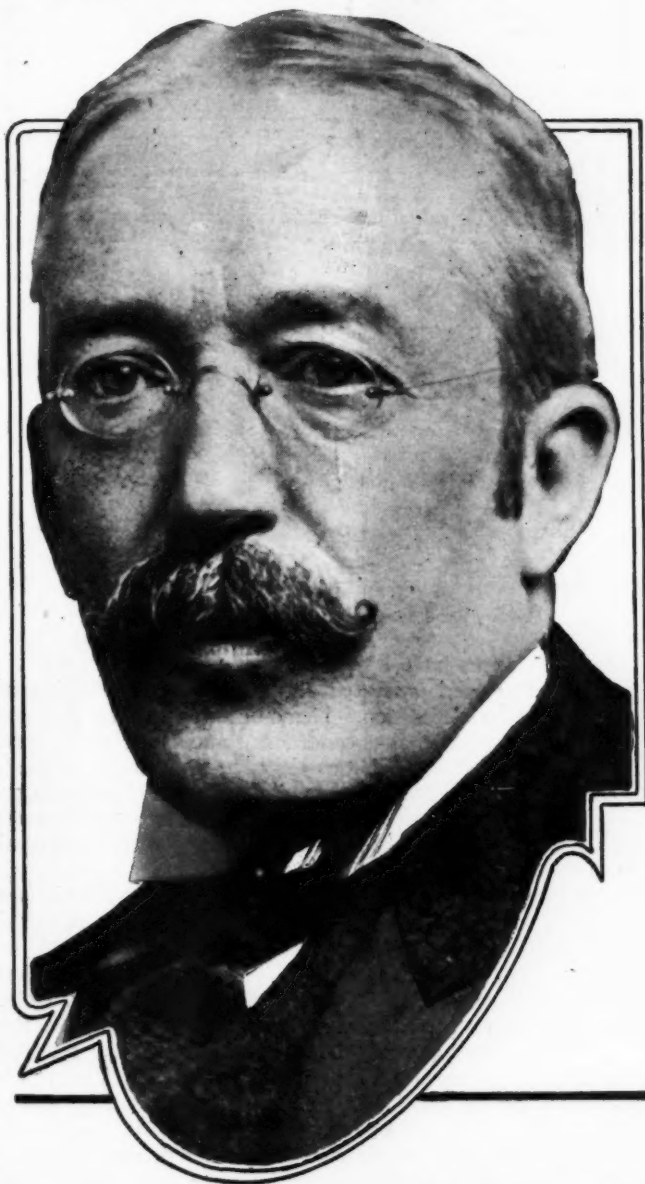
Under the urge of war necessity hundreds of our industrial plants doubled and trebled their producing capacities. New factories sprang into existence, mushroom-like. Here and there a waste place blossomed suddenly into an industrial center, busy as a bee-hive. Cost wasn't considered, prices mounted to unprecedented heights, money was plentiful and labor was at a premium. Overseas the output was being used as fast as we could produce it. There was insistent demand for everything we could make. Rush orders came from every quarter of the globe. And we had no thought of the future.

Then just as suddenly came the armistice.

Cancellations of foreign munitions contracts followed fast and furious. Appreciating what an immediate cutting off of all production would mean to industry and the country at large, the government wisely continued for a time its acceptances of finished materials on its munitions and supply contracts. Eventually it became necessary to terminate this rapid accumulation and with this action came the first foreshadowing of what the nation has been experiencing in recent months.

Even so, for a year or more industrial activity continued. Abroad the shelves of the warehouses of the world were almost empty. The nations which had been the hardest hit by the war had been the chief contributors to the world's merchandise supply. Industry with all of them was paralyzed for the time being. And while they set about the task of rehabilitation, getting their industrial and financial house in some semblance of order, America continued to skim the cream of world trade virtually without competition.

The result was that the last two years saw our foreign trade surpass all former records. American goods found favorable reception in countries where they had never been known. In many instances we set new standards of quality. In others we fell short of the mark, not so much because we could not have reached it, but by reason of reprehensible practice on the part of a few unscrupulous exporters who saw no farther than the business in hand. Because of them America, for some time to come, will encounter unexpected obstacles here, there and yonder along the far flung trade lines of the world.



SAMUEL MATHER

Honorary Chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council



E. R. FANCHER

Honorary Vice-Chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council

Recent months have brought a sharp decline from a prosperity that seemed unlimited and endless to a condition of generally acute depression. Demoralized European finances have precipitated exchange conditions so adverse that demand for all but the very necessities has been arbitrarily curtailed. Meanwhile increasing unemployment has ushered in a season of enforced retrenchment in buying that has left the domestic consumption wholly inadequate to absorb even a normal production.

And manufacturers all, big and little, more than ever before are coming to realize just what a permanent foreign trade would mean to them.

For this reason much is expected of the coming convention of the National Foreign Trade Council, at Cleveland, Ohio, May 4 to 7, inclusive. Exceptional conditions confront the American industrial world. Europe is far from being restored to normalcy. More than our manufactured products she needs our raw materials and foodstuffs. More, perhaps, than selling to her we need to buy from her. Before she can buy extensively from us, whether raw materials, foodstuffs or manufactured articles, her trade balances must be more nearly equalized. If she cannot pay cash she must be helped to pay in credits. And whether increasing our tariffs against her will help or

become a hindrance seems strangely a question of much dispute.

Certainly until conditions are improved in Europe they will not be radically improved the world over. After all, European influence is too deeply rooted to be overthrown in a couple of years; too potent to be utterly ignored by us. And only with their improvement will renewed foreign demand come our way. Finally there is the merchant marine muddle, vitally affecting our foreign trade ambitions, and as yet woefully befogged. And while planning our future we must not altogether forget the future of the world at large which, more than we suspect, possibly, is in a large way ours to help brighten or to discourage.

Pending legislation before Congress will have its inning in the convention. The National Foreign Trade Council has always interested itself in measures promising encouragement to the promotion of foreign trade extension. Right now it is keenly interested in maintaining the efficiency of our consular service, an arm of foreign trade support which has never been adequately provided for in the Federal appropriations. It will favor more liberal support of the activities and agencies of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. It is particularly interested in the fate of the merchant marine. And it will indorse taxation immunity for investments made by exporting interests under other flags. Always it will co-operate with other kindred organizations in behalf of all that makes for the welfare of foreign trade extension.

The Council, by the way, is entirely non-political and non-partisan. It came into being following a foreign trade conference held in Washington in 1914, in which the Secretaries of State and Commerce participated together with delegates from the American Manufacturers' Export Association, The Pan-American Society of the United States, the American Asiatic Association, and representatives generally of the manufacturing, financial, agricultural, transportation and merchandising interests. Since then annual conventions have been held in the order named in St. Louis, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago and San Francisco. The Council is supported entirely by its membership from patriotic motives.

The Council was largely instrumental in the securing of the appointment by the Secretary of Commerce of a national Latin-American Trade Committee; was an ardent advocate of dollar exchange for South American use; has consistently stood for more liberal appropriations for the consular service; vigorously supported the Webb-Pomerene law and the Edge law; co-operated with the government in enforcing the exports control law during the war period which sought to prevent enemy aid; was instrumental after the armistice in securing the largest possible allotment of merchant ships for commercial service; aided in expediting the transfer of foreign-built ships to American registry; and has always, without providing any direct commercial service, lent its best efforts in an investigatory and advisory way to the furtherance of the interests of foreign trade extension. Particularly it is interested now in bending every possible effort, commercial and governmental, to the assistance of an early restoration of normal exchange.

Cleveland's industrial, financial and commercial leaders are heartily co-operating in preparing for the convention. Appreciating the importance of the many questions to come before the gathering, a strictly business policy has been adopted. No effort will be made to detract from the convention in behalf either of Cleveland or the Cleveland district. No special entertainment features, as convention entertainment usually goes, will be provided, although every assistance will be given visitors who desire to make definite trips of inspection locally.

Samuel Mather, honorary chairman of the committee in charge, fits into the picture with a singular appropriateness and is peculiarly representative of Cleveland. He is the leading philanthropist of a city whose liberality has become a by-word up and down the country. He is a progressive in a town that has been a pacemaker in most things on civic progressiveness. When a leader is needed for any movement that means

for the betterment of Cleveland and the welfare of her people, folks hereabouts instinctively look to him.

Mr. Mather is Cleveland born and bred. His father was a pioneer in the development of the iron interests of the Cleveland district. Early he took to the same line, going into the mines to learn the business from the ground up. Later he organized the firm of Pickands, Mather & Co., of which he is president and the sole surviving member of the original official personnel. It has always been a leader in the local field.

In his idle moments Mr. Mather has found time to be an extremely valuable and influential citizen. One of Cleveland's richest men, one of his peculiarities has been to make a complete return of all his wealth for taxation. His benefactions have been too numerous to mention. His interest in our future citizenship has been evinced by his heading the local Boy Scout organization, his repeated financial gifts to Adelbert College and Western Reserve University, and his liberal support of all local charitable movements. A recent gift was \$100,000 to the pension fund of the Episcopalian clergy of Ohio. During the war period he was active in all local war aid movements, general of the local sector of the American Red Cross, and active in all their money raising campaigns as well as the several Liberty Loan drives.

Representative of the financial interests is E. R. Fancher, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland, a keen student of business and financial conditions, thoroughly appreciative of the importance of foreign trade extension and intensely sympathetic with the work of the Council. His long experience in the local banking fields has afforded him an excellent opportunity to become familiar with the many benefits the Cleveland industrial district has derived from foreign trade.

Mr. Fancher is more distinctly of the self-made type. His business training began with the Tuscarawas Coal Company in 1881. A year later he became associated with the First National Bank of Lorain, and in 1885 entered the accounting department of the Union National Bank of Cleveland. His rise there was rapid and successively from assistant cashier, to cashier, vice-president and finally president in 1914, succeeding Geo. H. Worthington. Late in that same year he was appointed governor of the Federal Reserve Bank. In that capacity, during the war period, he was chairman of the executive committee of the Liberty Loan organization of the Fourth Federal Reserve district.

Charles E. Adams, president of the Cleveland Hardware Company, is the tireless representative of the industrial interests. More directly than either of these others Mr. Adams has been brought into intimate touch with the export game. He speaks with authority, and is one of the most valuable of the local convention boosters.

Like Mr. Fancher, he too, has won his way. He took his first job at the age of fourteen with a local grocery company, remaining with them for seven years. Then he went to the Cleveland Hardware Company as a bookkeeper, and having found congenial surroundings he set to work to carve out a future that has



CHARLES E. ADAMS

President of the Cleveland Hardware Company

proved anything but disappointing. After a few years he was being rapidly pushed up the ladder, becoming in turn treasurer, vice-president, general manager and president. Today he is the mainspring of the company.

Ample provision is being made for the entertainment of at least five thousand delegates, as the committee feels that present interest in foreign trade extension, and the central location of Cleveland, will insure a registration fully equalling that number.



A world-peace exposition to commemorate peace

"The Timekeepers of Progress"

Landing of the Pilgrims to be commemorated in connection with the triumph of the ideal of representative government

IN his last address, William McKinley gave utterance to an epigram that will live in American history: "Expositions are the 'Timekeepers of Progress.'"

Progress is marked in the commemoration of great events. School boys of the past remember reading of the Centennial at Philadelphia. One sweeping event impresses upon every mind the vision of the times past and the present. The date 1776 was marked in the exposition at Philadelphia on the annals of the world. The Declaration of Independence, and all it signified was fixed imperishably in the hearts of Americans. The Columbian Exposition at Chicago fittingly commemorated 1492, and all the glorious tradition and romance associated with the discovery of the new continent, such as no mere chronological record could furnish.

There is not a school boy or girl who ever looked inside of a history book that has not had in his or her mind a picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims. The watch was then set—"let not tradition fail." It was the very beginning of our government and the test of the principles laid down in the compact signed under the swinging lantern on the *Mayflower*.

To permit an event of the importance of the Landing of the Pilgrims to pass without a fitting international commemoration would be nothing short of a crime against civilization. It would reveal that the courage and the vision of those who have enjoyed the fruits of democracy and representative government are altogether unworthy of their heritage if they failed to pay their tribute with time, energy, and sacrifice to the memory of those who initiated progress when the footprints of the Pilgrims touched the sands of Cape Cod, and upon the flint of Plymouth Rock, of immortal symbolism, struck the first sparks of religious and social liberty in this age.

The Landing of the Pilgrims stands pre-eminent as the event worthy of a world-wide commemoration as broad as the principles and the influence it represents. For years it has been in the minds of the American people—not only those in Boston and New England, but all over the world—to join in this celebration. The tercentenary of the actual date itself, December 21, 1691, was fittingly remembered—but thus early the fetes are almost forgotten. It was in no way of a scope and character to make a world or nation-wide impression, and was not intended as such. Even the Columbian Exposition was not given on the exact date—but later than exact chronology would dictate. The same with the World's Fair at St. Louis, celebrating the Louisiana Purchase. Now is the time to make preparations for "The Timekeeper of Progress" in 1925 or later if the event cannot be arranged for so early, to commemorate the Landing of the Pilgrims and the foundation of representative government.

* * *

With this thought in view it was fitting that the General Court of Massachusetts—the oldest legislative body in the country—should appoint a Commission to look into the matter of having such a celebration in or near Boston in 1925 or earlier. They have had many hearings which have revealed an intense public interest, not merely local, but reflected in even more enthusiastic concern all over the country among the millions who are looking forward to this event as the time for the homecoming of the sons, grandsons and great-grandsons of those who

wrought greater than they knew, following the inspiration and constructive work of the Pilgrims.

Favoring a World's Fair in 1925 the report of the commission was presented to the Legislature of Massachusetts at its present session. The commissioners are Everett C. Benton, William J. Day, William S. Felton, J. Walter Mullen, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Mark Temple Dowling, Walter A. Hawkins, John R. O'Day, Chester I. Campbell, Leon R. Egges, Thomas O. Marvin and Clarence L. Waston. Final acceptance of the scheme is not contemplated until the session of 1922, when, if the general project be approved, a permanent commission to carry it into effect may be appointed.

It is proposed by the preliminary commission that the Exposition should be one of representative magnitude, involving an expenditure of about \$28,000,000, and should leave in Boston monumental public improvements. It is suggested that the Fair continue for 182 days. On the estimate that three million visitors from outside Boston would attend, the total income from gate receipts at 50 cents a ticket, from concessions, and from the sale of property after the closing, would be about \$36,000,000, making the enterprise financially successful.

Years ago people all over the country, exposition-trained, looked forward to the time when Massachusetts and New England would do its duty in fittingly celebrating the Landing of the Pilgrims. The event is associated with my earliest memories of history—with my looking forward, as a schoolboy, in eager longing, to this great climax of expositions commemorative of the history of the United States of America.

On the banks of the Charles River, a location in the very heart of an area more historic in its scope than any other equal portion of the earth's surface in the United States, with a suggestion of ancient Rome, the Seine at Paris, the Thames at London and the sea front at Stockholm, but surpassing all in beauty of architecture, with noble facades mirrored on the bosom of the river they fringe—could a more ideal site for the Fair anywhere else be found?

The Commission, however, has not dealt particularly with the question of sites—that important matter having been handled by an architectural advisory board. In the main, the Commission has only considered the proposition of whether it was advisable to hold such an exposition. At first glance it would seem that there could be but one answer, but the generation after generation that have lived on the hard-earned savings of father, grandfather, and great-grandfather are, naturally, conservative. The enterprise and virility that built up the West is lacking, and they have waxed fat off investments where only the energy of coupon-clipping was required. Talents of mind and soul handed down by the Pilgrim Fathers, have been buried, wrapped in napkins of gilt-edged securities, with but little realization of the responsibility which goes with the possession of wealth. Now, the people are aroused to the decadence of Boston in population, whereby it has slipped from the first, second, and fifth, to the ninth place. With a port unparalleled in situation and unsurpassed in maritime advantages bestowed by Nature, disused and dismantled because of indifference and inactivity, evidencing loss of commercial enthusiasm and morale, happily symptoms of awakening have appeared. In the movement for a worthy celebration

of the Pilgrim tercentenary, along with other definite efforts to restore the glory of yore, the spirit of Boston and Massachusetts has been brought to a realization that something of the old fire and courage of the forefathers must be exemplified to bring Boston and New England to their own again.

This will all be accomplished by an exposition where the attention of the world is focused upon that section of country where was nurtured the spirit of industrial enterprise and achievement that once made New England famous. It is not merely for advertising, but to prove to the world that the heritage they possess has taken deep roots, despite the timid and shivering conservatism that has lived smugly unto itself.

With the suggestion of an exposition came many plans. The one dominant purpose was not to have an exposition that would be represented merely by stucco buildings to be ruthlessly destroyed afterward, but to build solid and sure on a rock of permanent purpose. Unconsciously, all these years, Boston

as nothing else, because would it not be a peace conference of their own reflecting the very procedure of Democracy itself in bringing together representatives of all the nations and all the peoples of the earth to rejoice, and add to a monument not ethereal or passing, and not alone represented in great buildings, towering monuments or bridges, but in the magic of memories immortal, when the peoples of the earth gathered together to do honor to their ideals.

* * * *

The following is the substance of the report submitted by the Advisory Board of Architects to the chairman of the Commission to Consider an International Exposition in Boston:

"We had given careful consideration to the proposal to establish buildings in and about the Back Bay Fens, utilizing portions of the present public buildings now in that territory. As far as general location and accessibility are concerned, this site would answer fairly well, and there is nothing in the material



Architect's plan for a proposed layout of buildings and grounds for Tercentenary Exposition in the Charles River Basin

has been building toward the consummation of this purpose. Here we have the Fenway, on which millions of dollars have been spent; large, beautiful buildings, and the Charles River Basin. A large percentage of the cost of the buildings is already provided, and the buildings that are to be erected would leave something permanent and enduring as a remembrance of the event. No exposition was ever held in Paris without something being left to enhance the beauty of the spot and add to the glory of France—bridges, hospitals, and parks—all these were monuments. The nation did not hesitate in its loving remembrance to Abraham Lincoln in the memorial on the banks of the Potomac, and the nation is not going to hesitate to go forward with a memorial worthy of the event of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

The beginning of the American government and its ideals of democracy will appeal to all the nations of the world as the one time and event to mark the greatest epoch of world progress within the Christian era ever to arrive. What more fitting climax or greater universal peace jubilee could be conceived than to have in Boston, where the idea took root, an assembling of the nations of the earth to celebrate Peace, with ceremonies and deliberations in which the nations will show they are not too proud to recognize that commercial ties are often stronger than political treaties? It would be more than any League of Nations, written under the direction of a few minds. It would be the crystallization of the idea in the hearts and minds of all the people by confirmation, and what greater event could be devised to confirm whatever may be done toward an association or League of Nations looking toward permanent and enduring Peace? This would bring it home to the hearts of all peoples

conditions which would make it impracticable to construct the buildings, but to get sufficient room for an exhibition of any size would require the taking of a good deal of private property, and during the period of the Exposition several prominent thoroughfares would have to be closed entirely.

"Also, we cannot feel it would be feasible to use any of the existing buildings, nor are the sites there sufficient to justify the erection of anything permanent sufficient to constitute any material nucleus for the exhibition. We made some studies for locating the buildings simply on the parkway and found that the Fine Arts, Music, Education, Horticulture and the Liberal Arts would be accommodated, and that the festival halls, State buildings, Machinery, etc., might be placed elsewhere in more or less close connection with the Fens, but it would mean the destruction of a very beautiful portion of Boston's Park System, quite a serious interruption of traffic during the Exposition, and a crowding together of buildings under conditions which would probably necessitate their being entirely removed and the Park System restored at the close of the Exhibition. This would entail a wholly unnecessary expense.

"From this we were led to consider the possibilities of arranging the Exposition on an island in the Back Bay, with extensions on each side of the Charles River and the utilization of the vacant land on the right bank of the river opposite Cambridge and in proximity to the Harvard Stadium. This site offers so many advantages that we feel justified in recommending it for your adoption, and we submit to you with this report a tentative plan which we believe will show at least the general possibilities, and subject to study and development, and more careful attention to the exact needs, will be found

to satisfy all the conditions required, such as we believe you have in mind, namely, not an exhibition as large and comprehensive as was held at Chicago, but rather an exhibition of the intensive sort, giving emphasis and prominence to the productions, the qualities and points of view which we feel are essentially characteristic of Boston, and which would reflect most credit upon the city and be most in accordance with the spirit of our New England inheritance.

"The exhibition buildings, as indicated by our sketch, are in five groups. First, an artificial island constructed in the center

desired Braves Field itself could be included as a part of the exhibition.

"The fifth group we have indicated only by name, would include the buildings for Amusements, Athletics, Racing and Cattle Shows, and would occupy the irregular land now nearly vacant, extending on the right bank of the river from the line of Western Avenue as far out towards the Arsenal as might be thought advisable, retaining the present parkway as a drive.

"The advantages of this site are very many. There is comparatively little land required to be taken and hardly any of it



Birds-eye view of proposed Tercentenary Exposition in the Charles River Basin

of the basin and extending a distance of nearly a mile from east of the proposed Dartmouth Street bridge to a point something less than half a mile up stream from Harvard Bridge. On this artificial island would be grouped the nucleus of the intensive exhibition, including the Liberal Arts, Music, Fine Arts, Horticulture, Education, etc. The bridges at Dartmouth Street and Massachusetts Avenue would be built high enough so that free access could be had underneath through the arches, and the exact size of the island would be a matter to be determined by the required accommodation. We have indicated it as about one thousand feet wide, the entire width of the bay at this point being a little over two thousand feet wide.

"The second group of buildings would be constructed so as to form a lagoon around the upper end of the island beyond Harvard Bridge, the banks being carried out either side from the shore, and space provided for the buildings to be constructed by the foreign governments. The present park driveway on the Cambridge shore would be retained as an avenue in the exhibition grounds, and on the northerly side thereof would be arranged the United States government buildings, including buildings for agriculture and food products. The shore on each side would be joined by bridges, giving ample transportation facilities.

"Between the end of the lagoon so formed and the present River Street bridge, the shore on both sides would be built out and the existing land utilized for the exhibition buildings by the different states and for some minor concessions. There would be a stretch here for some quarter of a mile on both sides which would be ample for this purpose. This would constitute the third section.

"The fourth section would be located on the vacant land at the right of the river in Allston. This land is almost unoccupied and would lend itself very readily to the scheme. Here could be placed the exhibitions which require a great deal of space and do not call for particularly elaborate buildings, such as Machinery, Mines, Metallurgy, Manufacturing, Transportation and varied industries. A basin would be formed so as to set off the buildings and the group would be joined to the Cambridge shore by two bridges, one replacing the present River Street bridge and the other a new bridge carried across to the Cambridge parkway drive. There would also be a bridge carried from the intersection of this highway with the drive across the river to the street and beside Braves Field, so if

is now occupied by buildings. It is in the heart of the Metropolitan District, so that visitors could easily walk to most portions of the grounds, while transportation facilities here both for freight and passengers are excellent. The Boston & Albany now has a yard on part of the Allston site. This could be easily adapted for a large railway station and exhibition of railway material and with ample facility for train service on the Boston & Albany. The Union Railway has its tracks right behind the proposed United States Government buildings and spur tracks could be run in, thereby giving opportunity for train service from the northern railways direct to the grounds. The Elevated Railway has a line of cars on Commonwealth Avenue which pass for a distance of over a mile and a half within a very short walking distance of the exhibition grounds, giving opportunities at frequent points to take on and discharge passengers. The Elevated also has a line crossing Harvard bridge which would pass directly through the grounds on the island and would also connect to the station in Cambridge beside the Larz Anderson bridge, only a few steps from the other portion of the exhibition grounds. There are also lines of cars at Western Avenue which pass through one side of the grounds, and a line at Brookline Street in Cambridge which crosses the grounds just about the center of the third group.

"For automobile traffic the accommodations would be quite ideal. The scheme would include the development of the present Back Street along the river bank into a wide driveway skirting the right bank of the river, while the present Cambridge parkway drive skirts the exhibition on the left bank. The existence of so many well constructed and broad avenues leading directly to and through the grounds would make it possible in this exhibition to do something that has always been hoped for but never accomplished in previous exhibitions, namely, to allow automobiles to circulate through the grounds. Likewise, the vacant land in the vicinity of the Stadium would give very desired opportunity for abundant parking facilities.

"This exhibition as suggested could easily be adapted so as to leave a number of permanent improvements for the city of Boston. The size of the island might be reduced after the exhibition without any material expense, and used as a site for memorials, possibly a cathedral, the proposed Boston City Hospital, and, in fact there are a number of public edifices which would find lodgement in this area and for which provision could be made in the buildings to be (Continued on page 90)

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



FRUIT is less considered merely a luxury between meals and more a necessity of a regular ration today than it was half a century ago. Tradition from Eden, flippantly expressed, may have caused the apple to be blamed for all the woes of the world, but the apple as a generic symbol of the whole family of fruit means one of man's chief blessings.

Eat an apple, go to bed,
Knock the doctor on the head.

This nursery couplet epitomizes the value of fruit in dietary. All modern hygienists and health reformers give the gospel of fruit a leading place in their propaganda.

Fruit has come to be one of America's leading industries. Its cultivation and distribution have steadily, for many years, been shedding their haphazard methods, the best science and ripest experience now being devoted to both of these divisions of the fruit industry. Miracles indeed have been wrought in cultivation. Both size and quality of species have been improved, varieties transmuted into veritably new creations.

Organization, in the meantime, has been the counterpart and largely the cause of both improvement and increase of fruit production. Any county in the land without its society of fruit growers, or at least their representation in some farm association, is an anomaly. State and national organizations of fruit growers, as a natural development, are the legislatures and congress of the fraternity, wielding a potent influence in the political bodies from which the simile is derived. Organized effort gave promise, when this was written, of having a grand culmination in a national conference of fruit growers, called to assemble on April 5, in Chicago.

Samuel Adams was the prime moving spirit in bringing about this event. In the March number of the *American Fruit Grower*, of which he is editor, Mr. Adams concludes an article on the subject with these words:

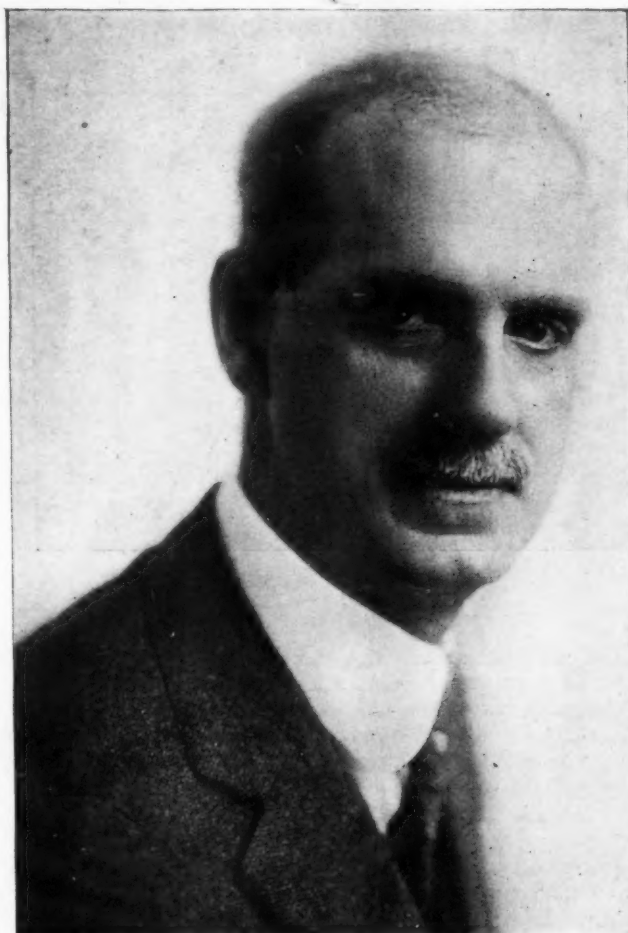
"No meeting of fruit growers has ever had greater potential significance than this conference. It will deal with matters of vital concern to the profit-making aspect of fruit-growing, and should have a record-breaking attendance from all parts of the country."

In addition to the editorial position just mentioned, Mr. Adams is president of the American Pomological Society. It was at the meeting of this body, at Columbus last December, that the movement was started, the result of a conference the president held with J. R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and C. H. Gustafson, director of the co-operative marketing division of the federation. It was found that the federation had all the machinery necessary for conducting a national conference of fruit growers, having a large office force in Washington always in touch with the departments and Congress.

Genealogically, Mr. Adams is well qualified to boost the apple. He is a descendant of Henry Adams, who came to America in the sixteenth century, and whose descendants included two presidents of the United States. At the Republican national convention last year, Samuel Adams was a candidate for Vice-President, but withdrew in favor of Calvin Coolidge. He was mentioned for the office of Secretary of Agriculture

and had a conference with Mr. Harding before inauguration. Illness that involved an operation prevented his receiving this honor. In March he visited the southern California fruit region in the interest of the Chicago conference, incidentally attending the National Orange Show at San Bernardino.

According to the plans outlined in advance, the conference was to consider making a demand for representation of the fruit



SAMUEL ADAMS
Editor of the "American Fruit Grower"

growers on the various boards and commissions of government dealing with trade, finance, transportation, etc. Readjustment of freight rates, which last season wiped out the profits of groups of fruit producers, would be taken up. Another matter of discussion was to be the tariff. Certain groups need protection against foreign countries, especially the growers of the Pacific coast whose products remain at times unsold on eastern markets owing to a glut of imports. Means were to be taken for gaining information of the possible fruit consumption of any one market. "The marketing of fruit," Mr. Adams says in this connection,

"is the largest problem confronting fruit growers everywhere, no matter what kind of fruit or where produced." Still another dominant question is that of national legislation needed for standardization of the grading of apples.



MERRILL BLOSSER

A well-known and popular Hoosier cartoonist

The call for the conference was to be directed to the presidents of state farm bureaus, these bodies to give credentials to delegates, but, no matter whether a fruit grower went as a delegate or not, it was desired to have at the conference as large a representation of fruit growers from every portion of the United States as could be brought together.

* * * *

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was inaugurated President in 1905, I was the host in Washington of a number of boys who had been very active in selling copies of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE—real prize winners. They were boys aged twelve to sixteen—and regular boys. They met me in Washington after enjoying their first night in the sleeper, hanging their clothes on the bell-rope—ready for more antics. During the rush I could not find rooms for all of them, because more had come than we had expected. We stowed them away sideways, three in a bed. Never shall I forget that picture of sleeping youth, after they had made a swimming tank out of the bathroom.

Among them was a little lad from Indiana, about twelve years of age. He came from Nippon, and his name was Merrill Blosser. We had difficulty in restraining him from making pictures on the walls of the Capitol. The day before inauguration, we went to the White House. It was the dream of the boys to meet Teddy Roosevelt, their idol and hero. When they

entered, President Roosevelt, greeting them as real Rough Riders, shouted in staccato tones, "Hurrah for the NATIONAL!" Wild Comanche shouts followed. They thought he wanted a Wild West hurrah. A secret service man rushed in, wondering what had happened, but the boys looked him over disdainfully when they saw he did not have a stealthy tread and drooping mustache; did not wear a derby hat, as do all sleuths in the movies.

The career of each one of these boys has been followed with much interest. Merrill Blosser was even then drawing cartoons on the blotter of Theodore Roosevelt's desk. He would make pictures on the tablecloth; was always busy with that pencil. Years later he created "Freckles"—one of the most popular cartoons in the country, sent out by the Newspaper Enterprise Association. It has been voted only second in popularity among those on the comic strip list. Merrill Blosser does not use slapstick comedy, but adheres strictly to the "human" side of a kid's life. He may well be proud of the fact that his clientele are "home" people. Here lies the enduring success and immortality of "Freckles," for we will always have a Freckles with us, as long as the sun doth tan and freckle.

Mr. Blosser believes that a kid strip, if it be a good one, has more possibilities than any other sort. His aim is always to keep it clean and wholesome, portraying a youngster's life, his feelings and antics. "Freckles and His Friends" is altogether kid-human.

Still a modest young man, Merrill is just what his picture represents—a retiring, earnest, sincere and full-of-fun kid—precisely the same boy that saw Theodore Roosevelt. In creating "Freckles" he has discovered and frolicked with a character that will endure in the history of American cartooning.

* * * *

THERE is more child labor in rural than in urban America, and some of it is just as bad as in the cities," says Owen R. Lovejoy, general secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. This statement appears in *The American Child*, the current issue of which is devoted to child labor in agriculture. "The idyllic conception of country life stands in the way of popular appreciation even of the existence of rural child labor. Long ago we standardized our ideas of farm life as wholly delectable, and hence we assume that because the million and a half children 'gainfully employed' in agriculture are in the great outdoors, their condition is necessarily fortunate. Hundreds of thousands of these young farm laborers under sixteen, it should be borne in mind, are working for persons other than their parents. Moreover, the children listed by the census as 'gainfully employed' on farms represent but a fraction of those affected by farm work, particularly as regards school attendance.



"FRECKLES" AND "TAGALONG"
Blosser himself says: "Had a hard time getting them to stand still long enough to get a good picture of them!"

"The conspicuous feature of rural child labor is, indeed, its interference with school attendance. The average rural school term in the United States is one hundred and forty days, while the city term is one hundred and eighty days. Of every hundred children enrolled in city schools the daily attendance is

eighty, while of every hundred enrolled in rural schools only sixty-eight are in daily attendance. So that for every hundred days of schooling received by the average city child, the average country child gets only sixty-five. Studies made by the National Child Labor Committee show that child labor on farms and ranches cause as much absence from school as illness, bad weather, bad roads, distance of home from school, and indifference of parents or children all combined—and sometimes even have been known to exceed the absences caused by all these other factors.

"The enforcement of compulsory attendance laws in rural school districts is notoriously poor throughout the land. No one section of the country can justly point the finger of scorn at any other section because of its sin in this respect, for one's sin is as great as another's. No law restricts or regulates farm work by children; the only laws that relate to the subject in any way are the compulsory school attendance acts, and they apply only in school hours, and, what seems worst of all, are but little respected."

The effect of tenant farming on the rural child labor situation is discussed by Charles E. Gibbons, specialist of the National Child Labor Committee on rural life. The tenant system of agriculture, Mr. Gibbons shows, puts a premium on the labor of children, even that of children too young to go to school. The migratoriness of tenant families is a large factor in reducing school attendance. In a study in the one-crop sections of Tennessee, Mr. Gibbons found that the farm owners had owned their land an average of 164 months, while the tenants had been known to have lived in the same place an average of only 28.8 months.

"Moving time is usually about the first of the year. Frequently the parents, when they are late in the fall in getting their crop out, do not start their children to school, knowing they will move about Christmas time; then, after they have moved, they argue that it won't be long before school closes and spring work opens up, so it is of no use to start them at all. Many children were found who had been out of school for a whole year at a time."

Mr. Gibbons says further that tenancy, wherever found, interferes with school attendance, and where there is an excessive amount of it, as in the one-crop areas, it undoubtedly influences owner parents in not sending their own children to school.

* * * *

AMONG the earlier appointments of President Harding that may seem to be of general popular approval, because it followed the natural and logical sequence of events, was the choice of Thomas O. Marvin for the Tariff Commission.

If there is one man in the United States who has studied, talked, written and analyzed to the nth degree, it is T. O. Marvin. Not only is he an expert, but he is balanced in his conclusions. In his work in the Home Market Club he has, for many years, been a potential factor in holding fast to the moorings of protection through storm and sunshine.

It was Mr. Marvin who had charge of the Home Market Club dinner where Senator Harding and Governor Coolidge spoke from the same platform when the country was at sea to know who the Republican nominee for President and Vice-President would be. Thomas O. Marvin is a far-sighted individual, and his appointment was hailed with delight by the Republicans all over the country. There was a great question whether his services could be spared from the important position which he held in the Home Market Club—but President Harding and others in authority naturally thought of him first when the vacancy occurred on the Tariff Commission. On May 5th the President appointed Mr. Marvin vice-chairman of the commission, a notable honor for a new member on such a board.

Thomas O. Marvin was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 10, 1867. He attended the Portsmouth High School and was known, even in those days, as a studious and reliable



Photo by Marceau, Boston

THOMAS O. MARVIN
Secretary of the Home Market Club

authority on any complicated questions. He graduated in '88 from Tufts Divinity School and took a post-graduate course of one year in Tufts College.

He began a rather notable career as a literary editor and editorial writer on the Boston *Journal* in its palmy days.

He was elected secretary of the Home Market Club in 1912, succeeding the late Albert S. Clark. He married Miss Flora M. Sugden of Spencer in 1894, and has two daughters, Mrs. Charles M. Dale and Mrs. J. D. Hartford, wife of Ensign Hartford, U. S. N.

On March 11, 1921, he was appointed on the Tariff Commission. For some time Mr. Marvin has enjoyed the close friendship and confidence of President Harding as an advisory friend.

In the fire and heat of the campaign, he was always cool and collected. Even an avalanche of defeat never threw him in a panic, but he kept his eye on the ultimate goal.

As an editorial writer he has few peers, a tribute that was paid to him not long ago by the Boston *Herald* and other newspapers. They merely voiced the sentiment of Boston and all New England.

His appointment was exceedingly popular, for Mr. Marvin is one of those men who has been quietly making friends and helping others for many years.

The letters come from soldier boys, from business men, from manufacturers, from clerks and from people in all walks of life who recognize in Thomas O. Marvin—Tom as he is called—the real measure of a man.



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THE LATE MAJOR GUY SCOTT

TO hear that one of nature's noblemen like Major Guy T. Scott has been struck down by death in the prime of life and at the zenith of usefulness, was a shock to the people in Washington and his comrades.

Major Scott was one of the most genial of men. None who knew him could help loving him. His hand clasp was that of a real man, a grip which made the recipient's heart vibrate. A more friendly man never breathed. His domestic life was ideal. He was a soldier through and through, and, as a trainer of soldiers, his influence will benefit the lives of legions of Americans whom he sent across the sea to fight for humanity. Into the large business arena entered after his war service he carried the sterling military principles of duty and decision, punctuality and perseverance, together with a foundation of organizing ability.

A son of Hon. Nathan B. Scott, commissioner of the Lincoln Peace Memorial, who was United States Senator from West Virginia for two terms in 1899-1911, also his successor as president of the Continental Trust Company, Washington, D. C., Guy T. Scott was educated at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, but resigned from the Navy and accepted the office

of State Librarian of West Virginia. On the outbreak of the war with Spain he offered his services and was appointed by President McKinley a second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery, serving in that branch until 1913, when he was retired for physical disability. Five years of his service were spent under the splendid soldier, Major General Haan, at Fort Wadsworth. On his retirement he went to Washington and associated himself with his father in the management of the Continental Trust Company.

When the United States entered the world war Major Scott offered his services, which were accepted, and he was assigned to the important command of Fort Rodman, Massachusetts, where he trained and equipped recruits and sent them to France. His assignment was primarily because of his education in naval science, Rodman being at the old whaling port of New Bedford where the incursion of German submarines was feared, a contingency the deep waters there favored.

After the armistice Major Scott returned to Washington and was elected president of the Continental, a position he held at his death. He was stricken with apoplexy and died on December 2, 1920.

Major Scott was treasurer of both the Senatorial and Congressional committees of the Republican party in the late campaign. As a witness before the Joint Congressional Investigating Committee, in Chicago last September, the leaders of the country came in personal touch with him and felt his magnetism.

Beloved and trusted by all with whom he came in contact, Major Scott will long be mourned.

Oh, for a touch of the vanished hand,
For a sound of the voice that is still.

* * *

WHAT a fascination in the men whom you meet in the full bloom of ambition, to look upon the fruit promised in the blossoms of hope and youth. It was an editorial convention that he addressed. As we visited "Lookout Mountain" that day, there was a dreamy, far-away, "going to-New-York" expression. It was a rapid-fire business with punch and "go," blended with an ethereal touch of editorial ideals.

Among links with the past in journalism—men who have conducted newspapers from the single-cylinder folios to the many-paged marvels of the web press—men of the fourth, fifth, or sixth decade of experience in the profession, there is one who is an elder brother in a double sense. Not only does he hold that relation to a majority of the fraternity at large, but he is the senior of three brothers in the work. The

one next him in age is head of an editorial department of the largest of two great dailies, owned by him. The "baby" of fifty-seven winters is for the third time managing editor of the other journal, on which he was initiated years ago, when fifteen years old. Along with this he is an owning publisher, and also dabs at railroading when he feels the need of diversion.

Mr Adolph S. Ochs, publisher and chief owner of the New



ADOLPH S. OCHS

A leading figure in the newspaper world



BILLY B. VAN

One of the most popular comedians on the American stage



BILLY B. VAN AND JAMES J. CORBETT



JAMES J. CORBETT

Former world's champion pugilist

York Times and proprietor of the Chattanooga Times, is the duplex big brother alluded to. By birth a Middle Westerner, by education a Southerner, and from his spheres of action belonging to both the North and the South, it is not to be wondered at that his principal newspaper, although giving the cue of intelligent policy to the Democratic press of the country, is second to no American journal for breadth of vision and catholicity of opinion. He started with the slogan "All the news that's fit to print."

Born in Cincinnati on March 12, 1858, Mr. Ochs received a common school education in Knoxville, Tennessee, where, also, he started his climb to fame as carrier newsboy and printer's apprentice. Working as a compositor for only four years after serving his time, he blossomed out, in 1878, as publisher of the Chattanooga Times, his present property. He became publisher and principal owner of the New York Times in 1896. Mr. Ochs is a director of the Associated Press, the greatest news collecting and distributing engine of the newspaper age. He married Effie Miriam Wise, a minister's daughter, February 28, 1883.

George Washington Ochs Oakes is the second brother of Adolph. He had the "Oakes" tacked on his name, by way of Americanizing it, through judicial decree in 1917. Besides extensive newspaper experience, including editorship of the Paris edition of the New York Times at the Paris Exposition, he has been mayor of Chattanooga and president of its Chamber of Commerce, a leader in Democratic politics, and decorated a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government. His latest role in journalism is that of editor of the two Times magazines, and the war volumes of the New York Times.

Milton Barlow Ochs, third of the trio, like Adolph, began his career in Knoxville as a newsboy. Joining his elder brother's paper in Chattanooga, he became its vice-president and managing editor. For about a year he was general passenger agent at Colorado Springs for the Colorado Midland Railway. Twice again he took the position of managing editor, as he now is, of

the Chattanooga Times. Between times (no pun intended) he was publisher and controlling owner of the Nashville American and general manager of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Truly a remarkable family trinity, with but one vocational affinity, this of the Ochs brothers. They are an institution and have created institutions. The Times thunders like its namesake overseas, editorially sometimes to no avail in harmonizing with popular thought and electorate verdicts, but always fulfilling the ideal of the rosy-cheeked Tennessee lad who years ago visioned that the first function of a newspaper was to print the news—all the news that's fit to print—and let the editorial chips fall where they may.

* * * *

PEOPLE whose observation of life has been limited, not to say anything about narrow-gauge vision, are prone to set up class standards in their minds. Then, upon hearing or seeing the name of an individual in a particular class spontaneously there springs into their imagination a person of the kind they have already classified in the pigeon-holes of their standardization. This is a mistake that is easy to make by those who form ideas of life from stage and movie characters, and cartoons or pictorial or verbal sketches by humorists and satirists.

That a professional boxer may be a real man and a gentleman is a proposition at which many deficiently formed people will scoff. Men of the world, mixers, know that there have been numbers of examples of true refinement in the "manly art" profession. Courtesy, capacity for friendship, chivalry, generosity—these qualities are found in fair proportion even among pugilists. That they are possessed in high degree by James J. Corbett, former world's champion, is the printed testimony of Jim's stage partner, Billy Van, the popular comedian. In a sketch of "Jim Corbett, the Man," Mr. Van entertainingly tells of the beginning of their mutual friendship and relates incidents of the big fighter's tender human side.

Corbett was already a hero in Van's conception before he



PIERREPONT B. NOYES
President of the Oneida Community

ever met him. Van was playing in a song and dance team at Asbury Park, where the future champion was then training for his crucial bout with John L. Sullivan. Jim was playing handball, the ball went over a fence and was retrieved by Billy. How the coming champion took it from his hand and rewarded him with a hearty handclasp and a "thank you," which made the young actor happier than any monarch could have made him feel, Billy with gusto relates. He treasured the incident in his memory and when their acquaintanceship really began, as it did in a Milwaukee hotel dining room after Corbett became champion, he drew a rollicking laugh from him by recalling the incident of the handball. A simple thing, but it made for lasting friendship.

Some months later, when both were playing in Boston, Jim made a ten-strike with Billy by his cordial reception of a party of Mr. Van's farmhands from George's Mills, New Hampshire, spending a vacation in the city. The fellows are talking about that party yet, the story says, "and nobody will convince them a greater fighter can be born than Jim Corbett was when he was champion and entertained them."

During the Washington engagement of Jim and Billy, an old friend of Jim's was met outside the hotel. In the middle of the ensuing conversation Jim suddenly excused himself to help a distraught old lady across the street. It was at the Friars' Club in New York, at off moments in the theatrical season, that the friendship of Jim and Billy ripened, and where they came to team up as 50-50 fun partners. Billy broached the business, Jim instantly "tumbled," and away they started as Keith headliners in big-time vaudeville. Then they took the engagement with the William Rock Revue, in the course of which Billy gave the *Washington Times* his appreciation of Jim.

Mr. Van holds that it is more than the clean mode of living of Mr. Corbett which enables him to maintain his youthful

appearance. It is "his wonderful disposition. He can always get a smile out of life. Success never spoiled him. He is a living example of the fact that a man can be a champion athlete by developing his physical gifts and at the same time retain the qualities of a gentleman." He is represented as fulfilling the motto of the Boy Scouts to "do at least one kind act every day." His team mate "never knew Jim to turn down a worthy appeal," and in conclusion Billy sizes up his partner in this poetic vein: "It's hard on the man who goes through the world with his nose so high he can't see the flowers by the side of the road. Jim Corbett comes from California, the land of flowers, and he has learned to hold his head so that he cannot only see the flowers, but can really smell their fragrance."

Billy's tribute reveals a genuine David and Jonathan friendship—one of the finest things in the world—and while it will make new friends for Jim, must convince everybody that Billy himself is very much of "a good sort."

* * * *

IF some ready writer, with skill for research added, should take it into his head to produce a book of stories of the war and its aftermath, confining the work to incidents of dramatic quality, there is no doubt the result would be a literary hit.

This reflection comes from hearing an account of the experience of Pierrepont B. Noyes, head of the famous Oneida Community, Ltd., in being virtually conscripted for service on the Rhineland Commission some time after having completed his "bit" with various war boards at home. Both his success in managing the great industrial experiment at Oneida, New York, and the services he rendered to the government in the work of bringing the nation's industries into subjection to war necessities made him a marked man for additional duty to the country. So when he accidentally showed himself to one of the chiefs of America's activities in Europe after the armistice, he was promptly recruited, and right on the spot, with patriotic resignation, dropped an important private business errand.

For the past twenty-six years Mr. Noyes has been general manager or president of the Oneida Corporation, which has grown during that time from a concern with sales of from four to five hundred thousand dollars to one selling wares to the value of \$15,000,000 a year. Its handling of the labor question has been among its chief points of interest, the relation of employer to employee established by Mr. Noyes, in pursuance of one of his leading ambitions, being idealistic as compared with the average situation in the industrial world. Wages are high, and the employees are contented not alone upon the score of what the pay envelope contains. Costs have been kept low enough, however, to make the Community grow steadily upon its profits until its present magnitude has been attained.

Mr. Noyes began his civilian war work with Dr. Garfield in fuel administration. This brought him into the field of war industries before the organization of the board handling that subject with B. M. Baruch as chairman, who was given by the President the task of limiting civilian work of all American industries to whatever extent was necessary to conserve material and labor for war purposes. Mr. Baruch looked to him for an important part of the work of the Industrial Priorities Board, of which Mr. Noyes had been appointed a member, so that in the end he became very close to that chief, also to Vance McCormick in the War Trade Board, and Mr. Hoover in the Food Control Board.

Immediately after the armistice, his patriotic duties having automatically ended, Mr. Noyes returned to his company. The following April he was passing through Paris on his way to Italy, where he hoped to close a large order for silverware. It was by mere accident that he called at The Crillon. Knowing how busy they were, he had kept away from his old acquaintances until the last day. It happened that the day previous the French had agreed to the appointment of a Rhineland Commission "with teeth," which would take over civilian activities in the Rhineland from the (Continued on page 90)

Permitting a new thought for

Memorial Day, 1921

*To resurrect in you, your patriotic self and your admiration
for the khaki blend of the Blue and the Gray*

LINCOLN'S immortal address at Gettysburg was the dawn of Memorial Day. It was an utterance colossal enough to inspire patriotism in all the nations of the earth to commemorate, with prayer and thought, remembrance of our soldier dead. "The Great Heart of Humanity" had spoken. The immortal words fell from Lincoln's lips while the graves at Gettysburg were yet new. The reflection of great sorrow, in the dews upon the grassy mounds, had given him a vision of the great tomorrow. Only flowers could speak the language recalled by the "mystic chords of memory." While the hearts of the people were heavy with the griefs of war's ravages, he revealed the glory of consecrating the living to the memory of the dead.

Memorial Day, 1921, means more to our country than ever before. Our soldier dead sleep in their blankets in foreign lands, and the beauty and glory of Memorial Day now extends far overseas. The little crosses, with their circle of stars and stripes, on the soil of France, will receive the same devoted remembrance as those who rest on their native soil.

Graves in which were interred the dust of Revolutionary heroes in New England cemeteries, and the soldier dead of all the wars, first received their floral remembrance from all the people through the commemoration of Memorial Day. Now all the world joins in tribute to their soldier dead, as an inspiration to the living, and a pledge of memory that they have not "died in vain."

Soon after the armistice I started out, one drizzly December day, to Chateau Thierry, through Belleau Woods, and then to Chambray. There, on a lonely crest of the hill, where not a house could be seen within range of the eye, I saw a lone grave surrounded by four rows of evergreen. Planted in the ground were three crosses: one the blue cross of Germany; another the black of the French, with its wreath of immortelles; and the third symbolized the cross of America, with the circle of stars and stripes.

A little blue violet was peeping up through those withered leaves. When Chaplain Guthrie, who was with me at the time, said the prayers of the dead over this lonely grave, the leaden skies seemed to part, as if by magic, and the sun poured forth all its mellow light on that little blue flower. This was the grave of Quentin Roosevelt. Upon the tablet marking the spot where he fell, I wrote a little story of the violet, sending it to Colonel Roosevelt. On the Saturday before this great soul passed on out into God's country he read the story of the event and said: "I wonder whether we shall find the violets blooming there when we visit Quentin's grave." The great Spartan soul of Roosevelt had spoken when he said, "Let my son lie where he fell!" The graves of American soldiers in France will never be forgotten.

This thought is responsible for giving the world a tender vision of our own Memorial Day, May 30. In the scarlet poppies, that, in war time, marked rivulets of human blood, God blazed a trail of eternal remembrance. Now those bivouacs of soldier dead in Flanders Field, and in France, pathetic in their vastness, with their crosses and emblems, radiate the hope of a peace eternal. In the spring the violets are ever abloom on the mounds, marking the resting place of the boys in khaki and horizon-blue left behind. The children of France will never forget the flowers on Memorial Day.

Out of this new influence emerges a broader and brighter meaning for Memorial Day, world-wide in its tender and sweet memories. In every hamlet, city and town of our land greetings are sent to all the world, in the simple exercises which find a response in every heart that breathes the spirit of patriotism.

The gruesome scars of war, and the sordid aftermath of blood and carnage will be mellowed and wiped away in the realization that the human heart beats ever the same in its hope of peace. The homage from prattling youth to the aged, paid year by year, generation after generation, is not so much honoring the dust that remains, but that immortal spirit which survives all the years.

Early in life the child is taught to reverence the dead and pledge anew an allegiance, with patriotic songs, that carries on the work for which they died. And, if the call for rank should come, every American home is ready with its crusader, a civilian soldier ready to respond, like the Spartan of old, for defence of the flag under which they live, determined to bring back the shield untarnished, or upon the shield a valiant sacrifice of themselves.

The one act of war that impressed all the nations of Europe more than all else was the willing and welcome adoption of the selective draft. Memories of conscription in the tragic days of Napoleon, when he tore away from the homes of France the flower of youth to feed the dragon spirit of conquest, had not been forgotten. When American homes threw open their doors—and their hearts—at the call of the country, it represented the fruition of the spirit of Memorial Day.

Those men resting under the kindly stars above reflect the glory of the flag. The little markers collectively chorus the song of the union. The inscriptions tell of deeds of sacrifice unrivalled.

We realize how little mere dust counts in memory. The fact that so many American mothers and fathers are reconciled to having the graves of their boys scattered broadcast, unsheltered by loving hands, their bodies simply gathered at the charnel, and looked upon as debris of the battle—all this emphasizes, again and again, that enviable noble attitude, that it is their spirit and our remembrance of them that dominates our feeling, even in the midst of our grief. That fact accentuates the remembrance of the spirit of a departed soul.

Under the fire and heat of battle one soon begins to understand the glory of dying right. I have seen boys in battle—heads and legs smashed—cheering on their ranks. This transcendent spirit, displayed thus, in spite of their wounds on the field of battle, is so much more accentuated than the moans and groans of a city hospital. I have seen soldiers die, and have envied them—literally envied them. It has taught me again what you and I already know—that living right and dying right is the Alpha and Omega of existence.

When I heard of General George E. Dawes and Colonel F. Galbraith pleading and working to provide for their comrades overseas, I was struck by the thought that, first, on Memorial Day should come those discharged but still convalescent khaki uniforms; those white-faced, green-gray uniformed marines of land and water, and the still numerous blue-jackets. I felt that every child, youth, woman and man should not forget, in their generous outpouring to the Far East, their stricken ones at

home, for these men gave a future, roseate with hope and promise, to their country. They returned with only the prospect of a pension pittance as a reward from a grateful nation. Because we, who are strong and vigorous, cannot give back to them their legs, their arms, and to many their normal mentalities, we must, instead, do this next noble thing.

Ofttimes when a little boy, I trudged along with the procession at the side of my father on Memorial Day. The thought possessed me and caused me to wonder deeply: Why did they not remember the living, as they did the dead? I felt that my father, among others, deserved a wreath and a song, for he was a living inspiration to all of us.

How significant is that tone of sentiment today? These thousands upon thousands of maimed boys, who rub elbows with the attending throng, bent on paying tribute to the heroic dead, all deserve that last salute; that last cannon shot. Before millions are spent on cold granite and blazing bronze, let us take care of the living, whose souls, minds, and bodies need something more than stated pensions.

Every soldier who fought and every soldier that died is a star imperishable, hanging in the blue canopy. Out of the war-clouds shine these eternal lights, commemorating the soldier dead. We have but forty-eight stars in our flag; they speak not for the countless uniforms who fought valiantly and died equally as valiantly. Far greater in brilliancy shine those numberless stars in the blue heavens; those tokens of loved ones—dead heroes.

So 1921 is a great Memorial year, because it has brought back, more strikingly than ever, our duty and responsibility to the living, as well as our remembrance of the dead. Likewise, do our broadened sympathies bring us closer to the lads overseas, because of the seventy-five thousand American dead that there lie buried. Our sympathies extend to legions of other lands. Their blood, shed in common, should consecrate the living of all lands to a realization that the throbbing heart beats just the same in every human breast; that it is for those who remain to carry on the work of a common brotherhood to prove that those beneath the sod have not "died in vain."

WHERE ROMANCE REIGNS

Continued from page 66

tory, where a stately building bearing the inscription "Casino" causes no slight wonder. This edifice, it appears, was built as a gambling hall and run after the pattern of Monte Carlo for a while, shortly before Italy joined the war. It was closed under the regime of Nitti and not opened since, but within a brief period of about ten months the owner made such a fortune that he was not only able to pay for the building, but was left with an enviable bank account besides.

On the same side of the lake, facing Lugano, rises the stately Monte di Caprino, a real mountain of goats, as its name indicates. But beautiful and harmless as it looks, it would undoubtedly be branded as a menace by prohibitionists, for this district is at the same time a vast storehouse, an immense wine-cellar, where the innkeepers and citizens of Lugano keep their stocks of the real grape juice in individual caves or small houses. The latter have the rock of the mountain as their back support and the natural coolness contributes to the quality of the wine. While many of these cellars are at the same time restaurants, even the privately owned places contain some sort of a sitting room, where the owners, in company with friends, like to spend a few hours on Sunday. Luncheon is brought along; wine, which in these wine-growing districts is indispensable on the table, is available downstairs, and in the midst of the most romantic scenery these light-hearted people pass a happy day.

Many specimens of ancient art and architecture are found in the environs of Lugano. Almost every village has a chapel, monastery, or church, which possesses some precious frescoes or art treasures. Even on the summit of the San Salvatore, that floral paradise, which shares honors with the neighboring Monte Generoso as altogether admirable points of view, each easily accessible by a mountain railway, there is a much-frequented pilgrimage chapel. Many visitors of the San Salvatore may not wish to make the chapel their primary object, but they will involuntarily bow low in their spirit when they behold the magnificent panorama spread before them.

Reluctantly only we end our wanderings in this garden of Eden, but not without having visited nearby Ligonetto, a humble Swiss-Italian village, which in the world of art occupies a foremost rank in Switzerland. Here, surrounded by an extensive shady garden, stands the Museum Vela, the dignified home of the works of Vincenzo Vela, one of Switzerland's most prominent sculptors. His "Victims of Labor," "Ecce Homo," "Dying Napoleon," "Desolation," and "Spartaco," are but a few of a great collection of masterpieces, into which their inspired creator, who was a native of this richly blessed district, has put so many lofty thoughts, that they are indeed some of the truest and most striking representations of human emotions and the momentous moments in terrestrial life.



Roman atrium in home of Louis Lombard, Chateau de Trevano

Uncle Sam's Job

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, A.B., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

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IT is fortunate and favorable that the Uncle Sam of literature and of the cartoonist is a kind-hearted uncle beneath whose striped trousers and beaver hat beats a warm heart. We Americans look upon our patron Saint Samuel as a shrewd, pertinacious, but peaceful and kindly saint, who hates war and loves liberty for all mankind.

It was this Uncle Sam who in the first stage of the World War was heated white hot by the brutal treatment of the Belgians. It was he who poured out the millions to feed the hungry in the devastated regions of France, and to care for the war orphans. It was the same Uncle Sam whose soul was aroused by the murder of the non-combatants on the *Lusitania*, and who, in 1917, realized that the time had come for action. There was then no hesitation, no faltering. Uncle Sam put forth his uttermost.

Having thrown himself into the war, through to the armistice, more than two years ago, Uncle Sam has since allowed frost to invade his pedal extremities. He dislikes war so much that he does not like to talk about the last war, and quite refuses to admit the possibility of a next war. Uncle Sam wants to sit down under his own vine (bearing only raisin grapes!) and fig tree. He sweats and curses a little over the taxes that he must pay for the war, and holds back at the idea of any sort of preparation for a future conflict, except in the navy.

In this frame of mind he is influenced by a tradition of isolation upon which he has been trying for more than a hundred years to practice, and has never yet succeeded. President George Washington, a judicious and far-sighted man, saw the difficulties of isolation when in 1796 he urged upon his countrymen to keep out of foreign complications. In spite of his own good advice, two years later he was made the commander-in-chief of the land forces of the United States for a war with France, which was forced on the United States by abuses of our neutral trade. The same causes brought about the war with Great Britain in 1814, which was unwillingly carried on under the presidency of the peaceful Madison, a friend and co-worker with Washington. Isolation did not prevent the Mexican War, nor the Spanish War of 1898, nor the American share in the World War of 1917.

The point is very simple. The most honest desires, the most disinterested efforts of Uncle Sam will not prevent a war if other people put things into such a form that Uncle Sam must fight. If you are shut into the same arena with a furious tiger, the tiger and not the man decides whether there shall be hostilities.

Real isolation would doubtless prevent some kinds of trouble. The Japanese had no foreign wars and no hard knocks in diplomacy, so long as they refused to admit ships of other countries and executed Japanese who tried to get outside of the empire. For many reasons, however, it is impossible for the United States to isolate itself from world commerce and intercourse. For three hundred years the Americans have been an exporting people, balancing their surplus products by imports. While American oil goes all over the world and Chinese tea and French silks and Austrian leather goods and English machinery are desired, there cannot be trade

isolation. From the days of our forefathers Americans have been skilful shipwrights and bold navigators and shrewd traders. Every ship that sails from or enters American ports is a denial of isolation.

So with the means of communication. How can you isolate a country when a scientific school freshman, with his wireless set, from the highest hill of his father's farm may catch the message



DR. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

One of the most eminent living historians; author of numerous works covering the entire history of the United States from the formation of the Union to the War with Germany; and editor of many historical treatises and reviews

or the telephone conversation of the British admiralty? How are you going to isolate the sixteen million foreign-born men and women in this country and their kindred and their remembrances of foreign lands? Why are we so sensitive about the Japanese in the Island of Yap and the Mexicans in Southern California, or the Filipinos in their group of islands? The world is too small for us to be out of hearing from any continent or island; and the world is also too large to permit itself to be organized and controlled without any reference to the welfare of the United States.

No, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that Uncle Sam will ever build a Chinese wall around his country or admit that it is contrary to his interests to exercise weight in the councils of the nations. Uncle Sam would doubtless like

to go back to the ante-bellum system of world commerce and regulations without much American responsibility for keeping them going. That old, carefully-balanced system of international trade is broken into fragments, and it never will re-establish itself. Uncle Sam has suddenly discovered that he has an interest in the Mesopotamian oil fields, or at least in the attempt of any nation to monopolize them. Uncle Sam is jealously guarding the interests of American trade in China. Uncle Sam has invested ten billion gold dollars in making democracy safe in Europe, and cannot be expected to see unmoved the break-up of nations which would extinguish his collateral.

Hence every thinking man and woman sees that the United States of America must take some part in the reorganization of the world. The old network of commercial treaties is torn and weakened. There must be some kind of international understanding about such things as the rule of the road at sea, the rights of vessels in friendly states, international mails, railroads, telegraphs, wireless, patents, copyrights, privileges of travelers and alien residents. With our millions of immigrants we cannot avoid facing and settling questions of world importance with regard to the change of citizenship, naturalization, and immigration.

Most of these complicated adjustments have been brought about during half a century by separate treaties and conventions and congresses, in which often only a few nations were represented. That task can be very much better done through one international body which may draw up general treaties, as was done by the Hague Conference, which, when ratified by a sufficient number of nations, become international law on that subject. Surely the United States, which has participated in something like a hundred of these international congresses, will not now take the position that it cannot act in one general association for the same purpose. That is one of the tasks of Uncle Sam which the American people will readily accept.

What we really clamor for is not isolation from nations, but from wars. When Washington wrote his Farewell Address, we had commercial treaties with most of the leading trading nations of Europe.

George Washington desired trade to continue; and what war can or will do to destroy trade and to block up established avenues of commerce we have learned in the bitter experience of the World War. Genuine isolation in the case of China simply focused the greed of Europe on the supposed wealth of the land, and the profits of the Chinese trade. Uncle Sam's principal job is to see to it that the United States does not go to war. Wars of causeless aggression, of conquest, of extirpation of peoples, of torture and death of old men, women and children—such wars are not likely from the side of the United States, but—

What guarantee have we, nevertheless, that the worst kind of war will not come upon this country, without our will or our provocation? Where is our safety if Russia, for instance, grows into a military colossus, more frightful than the dethroned German moloch? Where do we stand if, after Europe is exhausted, (Continued on page 89)

HEART THROBS AND THRILLS



We are created for this world, to know God, to serve Him, and to love Him, thereby gaining eternal salvation. When we have moulded into our being this text, and have grown to maturity, we begin to look around for money, fame, and—thrills.

Of the three, thrills are easiest of realization. Anything may mean a thrill. The most prosaic and inane event happening to one individual may be defined as a thrill to another person. Thrills vary so widely—their makeup owns so many "little children in the Old Woman's Shoe" that it is impossible to set up in type a standardized program of thrills. A most unrivalled heterogeneous mass of incidents goes to make up a series of thrills.

With many people a thrill is defined as being an incident, the first of its character to happen. Of a certainty, there is no such thrill as the first thrill. So we have the thrill that comes to some when they shake hands with great men in commerce, politics, or art; men of whom they had read and heard, when they were but little children. The laws of compensation, however, dictate that after a while, the former thrill that comes with meeting "lime-light" units, vanishes, and shaking hands with notables becomes, instead, only a routine event.

There are thrills, however, that own no contemporaries. In the main, these belong to the sweethearts of youth, to the newly-arrived city lad, to novice aeronauts and countless others. Experiences that are both intense and heavy with their flavor of the dramatic, of the tragic, as well as experiences of an opposite tone, are all construed as thrills. The only requisite that would actuate a thrill into "being," of which we know for a certainty, is that one must experience that odd, gurgling vibratory tingle up and down one's spinal column. This internal state of temporary insurrection must display itself, outwardly, sometimes with a gasp, sometimes with a swoon. Exclusive of these two rules, we are unable to restrict anyone's conception of a thrill.

There is wealth of undivided interest in the reading of people's thrills because of their wide variety.

One little freckle-faced, bright-eyed youngster of fifteen relates a rather unique experience that served for him as "the" thrill. He had been riding horse along the desert plains of Idaho, lolling and half asleep in his saddle, when his "Gee-Gee" suddenly espied a Gila monster (a deadly poisonous crawler, somewhat of the appearance of an alligator). The horse naturally jumped, and its juvenile, now wide-awake and amazed rider, found himself lifted from the McClellan saddle with the velocity of a cyclone into a bed of chois (cactus). It seems the feelings and innermost thoughts of the prickled victim were too mingled and distraught for sane verbal

outbursts. He did say, however, "That thrill will do me for a lifetime. My feelings were hurt as much as the penitent horse's!"

There is nothing so common, nothing so much sought for, as the so-called "thrill." Nothing remains a sensation over nine days. We are constantly being satiated with associates who are instrumental in bringing about exquisite thrills. Should we be asked, however, when we experienced our greatest keenest thrill, we would invariably trust to memory to assist us in locating that "childhood thrill" that has made such a lasting impression with us; for with youth tragedy is doubly tragedy, comedy likewise magnified, and the first remarkable event, a tremendous thrill.

Whether you, as a little boy, were given the sensation of a thrill or whether the effect produced was of a more painful, less romantic nature, when you found someone had "swiped" your trousers and suspenders from the branch of the apple-tree after you'd indulged in a stolen swim in the old swimming hole, trying to "dry out" the "wet-hair" evidence, is difficult to say. We are, however, perhaps safe in assuming the thrill did come when you found them buried underneath a rotted knoll not far off!

And you, little pink-cheeked girl of ten or thereabouts, can you with honesty and sincerity, stage any thrill that was more vibratory than the one you received when your mother presented you with that huge bisque doll, dressed up like a Christmas tree? Did not that thrill stretch and stretch until you thought almost that a hole would be torn in it, when folks came to the house and stood around that doll of yours, envious of eye, awe-inspired and filled with admiration?

It is true that in mature persons, whose temperaments run pretty much along the same beaten path, the same episodes will generally decide the arrival of a thrill. With authors, it may be the first time your words were in type. With musicians, it is the privileged first attendance of opera; with budding composers, the first publishing house, broadminded enough to have accepted the young composer's manuscripts. With athletes, amateur or professional, it is, of course, the game won by the faintest of margins, while the business man, although not often to be associated with thrills, may find something ticklish and funny zig-zag up and down his spine when he is called upon to deliver his first banquet speech.

Thrills are about the only standardized "exercises of the heart" that a cynical scoffing world has not been able to efface, or take from us. The thrill market is of wide and unlimited scope. A thrill may come in early youth, during a "fat-and-forty" period of existence, or in old age, when we have need no longer for perpetual heart motion. The only remittance it exacts from you is that you prove susceptible when it arrives.

Now for a Succession of Personal Thrills

IT was while I was in Washington, pestering Congressmen, Senators, and what-nots to reveal their personal thrills that I made the interesting discovery. Innermost man can be reached only by certain ruses in speech. Not fifteen out of a hundred will respond at first; then, after reflection, will whip their exterior stratas of dignity and bearing into sentimental confidantes. It was only when a certain chord of their memory was touched that I was favored with an expression of their thoughts, concerning "thrills."

People will sidestep beautifully these actual thrills that come with falling in love with "the" sweetheart. Perhaps justly so; those confidences are too sacred to divulge to a heterogeneous mass of people.

WINNING A PONY RACE

In my inquiries among eminent people in Washington, I found as wide a variety of thrill-producers as there are varieties of individuals.

Senator Frank Willis of Ohio waived senatorial dignity for the moment, and good-naturedly told me what brought on "his real thrill."

"When a boy," he began ruminatingly, "I was given a sheep as a gift. I traded this sheep for a calf, the calf for a cow and the cow for two \$20 gold pieces. Needless to say, these coins looked to me as though they were ten feet in diameter. I hugged those twin demi-gods and bought what I had always aspired to own, a Texas pony. I cannot in truth say my pony covered all of the

pedigreed specifications ordinarily attributed to a racing pony, but he did own four limber legs—and good foresight.

"My older brother, who was pretty much of a tease, joshed me considerably when I confided to him my intentions of entering the animal as a race contestant. I was in no way to be shaken from my initial purpose. Accordingly, when the races came off, and my little old 'Jack' shot out from nowhere, passing my brother's thoroughbred, I experienced that odd sensation so often defined as 'the first boy thrill.' It got me and didn't leave me until I was tucked away in bed that night; it remains to this day."

THE GRIDIRON'S GREAT THRILL

Here's a young lady from Washington, who declares stoutly that all of the earth's inhabitants may "spout" and deliver charming odes to "The Coming of Spring-time," but for herself the "Coming of Autumn" signifies just as much of a novel sensation. Inquiring looks cast in our direction will probably vanish when we explain the young lady in question had a cavalier football man, who was inevitably made to choose between be-ribboned and be-jeweled medals in season. He was a padded hero!

When Pennsylvania and Ann Arbor rubbed elbows in a hard-fought game on the gridiron, this particular young lady was restrained from doing a sixty-foot pole vault over the heads of several thousand onlookers of the bleachers simply because she had been reared to know better. So, while restraint imprisoned her, the young cavalier was making good down below. When the game was nearly a toss-up, with four seconds to go, on the referee's stop-watch, this worthy husky put over a grand-stand play sincerely. Miss Impatience, up high, owned herself unable to see, talk, or look composedly. And so was another thrill established and mounted in frame!

WHEN SHE FIRST ARRIVED IN BOSTON

Here's where the Hub of the Hub (Boston) comes in on swishy skirts. For the first time in cons it becomes responsible for a Cleveland, Ohio, product having a thrill.

The young Ohioan in question confessed when she arrived in Boston for the first time (she had never been in any city outside of Cleveland), it took her fully ten minutes to reduce herself to normalcy. What produced the trance? Why, the whizzing elevated overhead, the rumbling subway underneath, and that scholarly-looking (we might add shabby, but that would hardly be fair) crowd rushing by in such haste. Miss Ohio lost all sense of the compass and admitted the thrill she received with the coming of it all lasted longer than any previous sensation.

ONLY A PHANTOM—STILL A THRILL

James J. Davis, newly-appointed Secretary of Labor, reveals the type of thrill that echoes anxiety, fear, and concern. He tells us: "It was a short time after we landed in this country from Wales that I and my brother obtained positions in the steel mills of Pennsylvania. I worked on the day shift; my brother on the night shift. We used to pass each other early in the dusk of the morning. My mother would hold up the lamp until I came within the radius of the mills. Where the light of the mill met the light from home—there it was I always met my brother.

"One foggy morning, just as I was approaching the dividing line, I saw some form rush up toward my brother! I was convinced it was some thug attempting murder. When I rushed up and found it was absurdly enough only my big collie dog who had come up to greet my brother, I felt so insanely relieved that a monstrous thrill was born of the occasion, right then and there!"

THE DOOM OF THE DOCTOR'S WORDS

When I left an insurance office—after a medical examination and was rejected—told that I only had a few years to live at most—that was my heart thrill. How dear life seemed to me when I thought of the wife and little ones dependent on me for support. I thought of their future—now even bereft of hopes for life insurance and support.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S GREATEST THRILL

When I asked of President W. G. Harding what his greatest thrill netted him, his eyes twinkled. Then he sobered almost magically, and spoke.

"On March fourth, when I looked into the faces of hundreds of thousands of people—when I felt the warmth of the sun over the shadow of the Capitol dome, envelop me; when I saw down below the platform those wounded boys looking up at me, and when I realized the responsibilities about to claim me, then was I convinced a greater thrill was never born of mankind!

"The big thrills always bring to the front the reflection of minor thrills of childhood days. I thought of the time I sat on my mother's knee; when she told me of Abe Lincoln, of all our country's Presidents before his time; my heart, I remember, was filled with many inexpressible things, and topping them for the most came that feeling of veneration, of awe and respect for the office of the President!"

ABOUT IDEAL COMPANIONSHIP

Already has Mrs. Harding "homified" the White House. You will find her there, in one of her workrooms, a work-basket containing a most heterogeneous mass of undarned socks, cotton, and patches. With all the deluge of attention—of receptions and the like, that have been hers, within the past three months, she has not forgotten the humbler tasks accorded her.

Mrs. Harding is the "womanly woman!" With her first instinct as being the home-builder, she concedes through it all that her husband's work is her work—his friends are her friends. Her task remains emblazoned on paper: to give to the home the aspect that is symbolic of the word itself.

Neither has the "First Lady" belittled her responsibilities in undertaking her assignment as hostess to the endless delegations sent out to meet her at the White House. She avows "Nothing is so interesting as a mass of people." And as a hostess, Mrs. Harding is more than well qualified to meet representatives from all points of the globe. She knows how to meet and disarm her foes as well as she knows how to meet her friends. That steady, clear gaze from a pair of startlingly-gray eyes, is always on "active duty."

Her appointments sometimes suffer the ravages of too much popularity, but never is she seen to be lackadaisical in making up those delayed meetings, interviews, and calls. Her extreme conscientious self forgets not the least important of these.

The years of help and hope. My heart indeed throbbed with anguish. I thought how the world would go gayly on—forget me.

And yet that was years ago, and others selected as good risks have gone; but the red-light warning gives me a thrill now to think that I still live and how much that warning heart throb of the medical examination was to me.

THE MODERN CRUSADERS

During the autumn of 1918, while passing to and fro across New York harbor, the writer had opportunity to witness the embarkation of thousands of the flower of America's youth, and to watch the huge transports as they slipped silently down the Hudson under the approaching

cover of darkness toward the outer harbor on their first stage of the perilous journey to assist in the mission of "making the world safe for democracy." As the fast descending sun sank from view in the western horizon bathed in all the gorgeous colorings of an autumnal sunset and silhouetted the classic lines of the Liberty Statue, these camouflaged troopships, laden with precious human lives drawn from thousands of anxious homes, passed on out of sight, out of the harbor, out into the night, out across the waste of waters to lend encouragement and succor to the war-weary and hard-pressed nations of Europe. As the approaching darkness, like a solemn benediction, closed the view to human sight, can you wonder that one could but experience the deepest of "heart throbs" thrills?

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DOUGHBOY

Again, on a certain October morning of the same year, the writer witnessed the sailing of the *Leviathan* from the army transport pier at Hoboken, New Jersey, with twelve thousand troops on board. It was an ideal October morning, with clear, cool air and cloudless sky. The rush and roar of commercial life in the great city across the river was silenced, as it was the Lord's Day; chimes of the church bells could be heard from across the waters, sea gulls were winging their way above the harbor or poising gracefully aloft in the rigging, and the harbor waters were placidly reflecting every movement of bird or harbor craft. All seemed so serene, so quiet, so peaceful here, while from across the mighty deep could be sensed the call of a suffering people for hurried assistance, the call of colossal armies for prompt reinforcements, the cry of powerful nations in desperate conflict. As if in quick response, a giant vessel moved away from her berth, assisted by a bevy of fretting tugs.

Silently, slowly, majestically, triumphantly she moved into stream while a vast multitude of khaki-clad American lads swarmed over her decks, transforming the outlines of this supership into a vast pyramid of enthusiastic humanity. As she cleared the pier head, the national colors broke out from the flagstaff, the sirens broke loose into a veritable roar of departing greetings, while from the bridge deck, above the roar of the sirens and the cheers of the soldiers could be heard the strains of that familiar music "Over there, over there, over there." When I tell you that as I stood there as one of a thousand witnesses to such whole-hearted and wholesale consecration on the part of American freemen to the call of justice and humanity, shall it be necessary to add that this spectacle afforded the greatest "heart thrill" of my lifetime—a heart throb of the first magnitude?

ON DIZZY HEIGHTS IN HAWAII

Traveling on the island of Maui with the Governor of Hawaii and his cabinet, the "Ditch Trail" had to be traversed. Only horses "broken to the trail" are selected for this journey, and my mount was a plug that did not seem to have mettle enough to bolt even if a Chinese New Year's battery of firecrackers were to explode under it. Being wary of a jam, either front or rear, I gave the fast-steppers a good lead, and kept well in front of skates like my own.

Solitary on my hazard trail, I came to a steep grade, where the path was only four feet wide. The parapet of loose stones, provided at narrow places here and there, at this point had fallen away. The horse's feet made tracks within an inch or two of the verge of a vertical precipice rising fifteen hundred feet from the rocky bottom. On the inner side was a perpendicular wall of rock and a water runway. The nearest ground visible on the outer side of the trail, was the farther bank of the canyon three hundred yards away. Suddenly the noble steed halted,

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The worthy son of a worthy sire

Colonel Frederick Neal Dow

of Maine at fourscore years is still going strong

TO hold in the memories of boyhood the treat of hearing General Neal Dow, outside of Maine, on the platform telling about the Maine law and prophesying the overthrow of King Alcohol everywhere, makes one feel pretty well along in years. To read of another child of the Father of Prohibition today, in the eighty-first year of his age, cavorting with the spirit of youth amidst a multitude of large business interests, makes the same one feel too young to boast of his years.

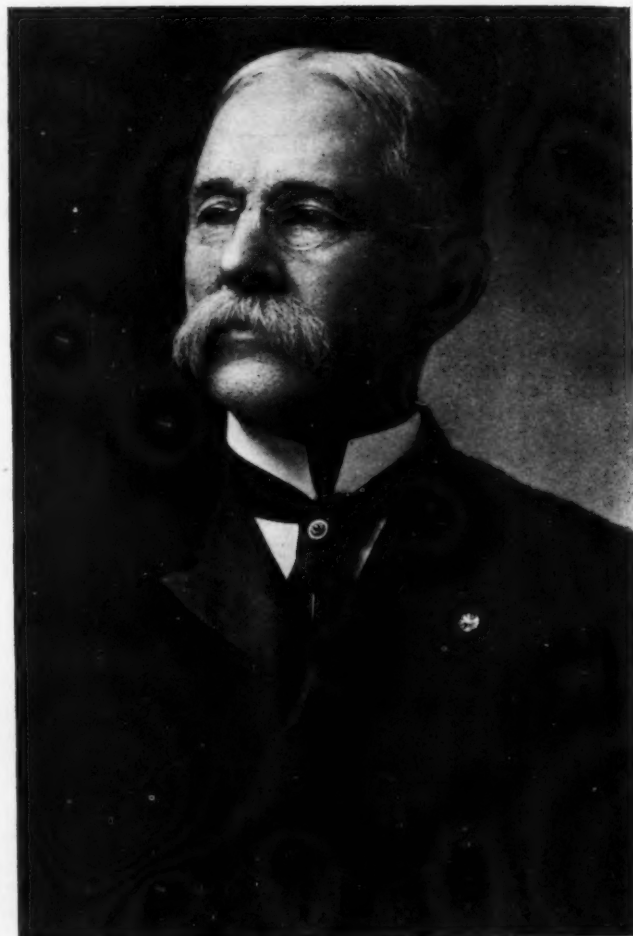
Colonel Frederick Neal Dow, for more than half a century one of the leading citizens of Portland, Maine, was eighty years of age on December 23, 1920. He and Mrs. Dow, who was Julia D. Hammond, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1914. It may be said of Colonel Dow that he has thrived in, though not "on," politics, while prospering mightily in business of a diversified range. Most of the time, too, he has been a practical newspaper man.

A remarkably clever, unique, and affectionate tribute to the colonel, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, was in the form of a miniature edition of the *Portland Evening Express and Daily Advertiser*, issued without his knowledge by the employees of the plant from which the regular issues of the paper are published. It had eight four-column pages entirely devoted to the career of Colonel Dow. Anecdotes of his childhood, school days, sports, public life and business activities abound in the print. Pictures showing him at different ages, the house where he was born, and snapshots of him at his favorite sports in youth and age, his spry business step at eighty, etc., embellish the souvenir. Humorous legends appear in the title lines and at the head of the editorial page is this information: "Published tonight by *Evening Express* employees. Entered as second story matter at the Falmouth Hotel at Portland, Maine." This happy souvenir will be preserved in the Portland archives.

The celebration of his eightieth anniversary was presided over by a former Governor of Maine, addressed by its then Governor, Milliken, while letters were read from President-elect Harding, Governor-elect Parkhurst, and the senators and congressmen from Maine, and many others.

"Worthy son of a worthy sire," as throughout his life he has proved to be, Fred. N. Dow was educated in the academy and high school of Portland and The Friends School in Providence. He was successively a clerk, partner, and manager in the tannery business of his father from 1861 to 1874, when it was sold. At twenty he enlisted in the Civil War, but was induced by his father to remain at home, while the first of the two to win the title of colonel went to the front, commanding the 13th Maine Infantry. Fred gained the rank of colonel as a member of Governor Perham's staff in 1871.

When twenty-seven years of age he was elected a member of the city government, and for more than half a century since has continued to work for civic betterment, against a background of Republican party activities. For several terms he was a member of the school board. The year after his appointment on the governor's staff he was made a member of the governor's council, serving thereon during 1872-74—the last year as its chairman. Colonel Dow was a commissioner to the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The same year he became the Republican state committeeman and held the position for



COLONEL FREDERICK NEAL DOW
A foremost citizen of the Pine Tree State

eighteen years. Delegate-at-large to the national convention of 1880 and 1916, in the latter was chairman of Maine's delegation. From 1883 to 1885 he was collector of the port of Portland, was removed by President Cleveland and reappointed in 1890 by President Harrison, he served four years. One of the original promoters of Republican clubs all over the country, he was the first president of the Portland Club, also the first president of the Maine League of Republican clubs.

Colonel Dow served in the House of Representatives of Maine in 1887-89, the second term as speaker. He studied law in the office of Generals James D. and Francis Fessenden, sons of the United States Senator, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. As a writer, advisor, part or entire owner, he has been since 1886 identified with the *Portland Evening Express and Advertiser*. The magnitude of his other business interests is indicated by his presidency of the Portland Gas Light Company, Casco National Bank (now Casco Mercantile Trust Company), Portland Railroad, Portland Loan and (Continued on page 90)

What Three Women Have to Say About Another Woman

The Congresswoman from Oklahoma

By Mrs. George F. Richards

"Oh, yes," and Miss Alice Robertson, the Congresswoman from Oklahoma, gave a quiet little chuckle. "I have always been Miss Alice at home, and I expect to be Miss Alice out here. I like to be called Miss Alice—and don't object even to Mother Alice, but when it comes to Aunt Alice, I draw the dead line. It's all very well for former Speaker Cannon to be Uncle Joe to his friends and constituents, but, much as I admire him, I don't believe either he or I want to go down through the annals of Congressional reminiscence hand-in-hand as Aunt Alice and Uncle Joe." And again she gave that rich little chuckle that marks her laugh.

Miss Robertson is the second woman to be elected a member of Congress. "What are you going to do in your first term?" I asked her. "I am going to keep my eyes and ears open, and my mouth shut," she replied in a low-pitched pleasant voice. "It's a man's job, and no boy's play, and as I intend to make good, I must devote all my time and effort to the interests of my people, my district, and my country. It will be hard work, but I am used to hard work. Some one said to me during my campaign, when my opponents were trying to turn the tide against me, 'You are too old,' for you know I passed the three score years point some time ago. I countered by asking them a question, 'If you want real strength and value in timber, which do you select, a soft, half-grown maple sapling, or a well-grown oak in prime condition?' And I heard no more about my age."

"My people," as Miss Robertson styled them, "are the Indians of Oklahoma." Her father was a missionary to the Creek Indians; her mother, the daughter of a missionary to the Cherokees. Miss Robertson located, built, and furnished the Nuyaka mission for the Cherokees, and in talking to me she harked back to the days when a little barefoot girl in the wilds of the Indian Territory she watched the missionaries of the church ride away to their far-flung battle line—a battle-line near which her father's mission was sure to be found.

Miss Robertson comes of sterling New England stock. Her grandfather was the Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and her grandmother, Ann Orr of New Hampshire, who went west as a bride and reared her family in the wilds of the Indian Territory, suffering the privations of frontier life while ministering to the Indians.

That this daughter of a missionary is a college-bred woman is not generally known, but Miss Robertson is a graduate of Elmira College, New York. After working her own way through college, she worked to put her sister through the college. When her father died, it was Miss Alice who became the bread-winner for the family; when the Woman's Business Club of Muskogee needed a secretary, it was Miss Alice who took the job; when the club wanted a lunch room opened, it was Miss Alice who became both secretary and manager; when this woman's lunch room evolved itself into a great cafeteria, it was Miss Alice who threw open its doors to

the boys in khaki. To the number of five thousand they were her honored guests during the war, for no man in khaki could pay a penny to Miss Alice. Night and day that cafeteria was open to them, and they were made welcome. Transport trains thundered in and out of Muskogee, and Miss Alice was always at the station to meet them. No night was too dark and stormy or day too hot or too cold for Miss Alice to be on the job, with hot coffee, food, and a smile of welcome and encouragement for those young soldiers. She said to me, "Sometimes I wondered why I was running a cafeteria. Then the war came and I understood—it was God's will that I should feed those boys."

When her father died he bequeathed his life work to Miss Alice, and she took it up with courage and enthusiasm. The deep roots of Kendall College and the University of Tulsa were first grounded in the small mission school which Miss Alice opened with two little Indian girls as pupils, and herself as teacher. She held many offices of trust and responsibility in her mission work, and between times she was post-mistress and superintendent of schools, often traveling all over the state and putting up for the night at "Jack's Camp," whose rough doors were open to no other woman, but where the type of men we see in western movies never failed to give Miss Alice the chair nearest the blazing logs and the choicest bit of their supper.

Never has any woman held just the same place that the kindly-faced woman member of Congress from Oklahoma is destined to hold.

When she walked into the Senate on inauguration day and took her place on the floor, with the four hundred and thirty-four men who, with herself as the one woman member, make up the sixty-seventh Congress, all eyes were turned toward her. She sat with undisturbed poise in the midst of that great gathering, a modest and somewhat sombre figure in a black suit, relieved only by a huge bunch of violets and roses which friends had that day presented to her. She is above medium height; one of the sort we describe as "large framed"; her silver-gray hair is brushed back from her forehead; she dresses well, but simply, in black; her sense of right and wrong is keenly developed; she is deeply religious, but broad and tolerant in her ideas; she is uncompromisingly "dry," and though an anti-suffragist is the first woman to be elected to Congress since the suffrage amendment became a Federal law. Miss Robertson believes in God and man, especially in Indians. Her chief aim in life is to do whatever work is put before her, and so far that work seems, for the most part, to have been pulling her family over rough spots and pulling Indians to their feet. She is feminine in her tastes, self-reliant, but not "mannish." Her eyes twinkle with unusual brightness, her complexion is fair, and her voice low and musical. In fact, there is nothing about her to suggest a woman who has been through a bitter political fight and won out. Miss Robertson has just one fad to which she will confess. When I asked her "What is your fad?" she laughed and answered: "Just as some people collect china, I have a fad for collecting boys and girls." She has had many young girls

in her care at the Mission and at her home. Next winter she expects to live with her foster-daughter, Mrs. C. E. Strouville of Tulsa, Oklahoma, whose husband will take a house in Washington. Their eldest daughter, Alice—a namesake of Miss Robertson's, and her great pride and joy—is now at school at Ossining, but next winter will be here and study music, for which she displays marked talent.

Sawokla Farm of fifty-four acres is Miss Alice's real home. It is on the outskirts of Muskogee, and from the great stone porch the view stretches away mile upon mile over the fertile valley of the Arkansas River. In the stone house fires blaze cheerily on the hearth; Indian rugs cover the floors; books, Indian relics, trophies and reminders of the stirring frontier days of her missionary ancestors are scattered all over the place.

Theodore Roosevelt once said of Miss Robertson, "Wherever she is, whatever her surroundings, she is one of the great women of America."

Miss Alice is a good mixer. Already she has won the confidence and respect of her colleagues, already she is hard at work learning the kinks and quirks of Congressional duties.

That's the sort of woman the old Indian Territory, now the great state of Oklahoma, has sent to Congress.

A Most Unique Woman

By Josephine Martin

WHEN you meet a woman who has been all her life an ardent anti-suffragist, but now represents her district in Congress; when, coming from a long line of Southern Presbyterian missionaries, she tells you, in response to your question, that she does not object to women smoking if they want to (she does not want to); and when, furthermore, you learn that she defeated for Congress one of the most popular and able men in Oklahoma, surely you will be inclined to believe that here is a most unique woman. And you will be perfectly right. Unique she is, and well worth knowing. But to the interviewer she is an extremely hard subject, for she is so modest, and, unlike most of the members of her sex, she does not like to talk. When asked on a recent occasion what she thought of a woman in the cabinet, she replied:

"My opinion on the subject could have no possible weight at this time, but since you ask for it, what I think is this: Women are not ready for such a position. The future may, and



A photograph of Miss Robertson when a very young girl



Photograph of Miss Robertson when a young woman

probably will, produce women whose training and mentality will fit them for work of this kind, but for the present we should content ourselves with what help we can be in other directions. Of course that is just my way of looking at it—there are a great many people who know more about it than I do."

Her platform is a most unique one. Here it is:

- 1st—A Christian.
- 2nd—An American.
- 3rd—A Republican.

There has been so much nonsense printed about Miss Robertson that a few facts might be of interest. In the first place she came to Oklahoma, not in an ox-cart, as some writers have it, but in the company of the stork. Her father was born in Huntington, Long Island, the son of a Presbyterian minister, but shortly after completing his theological studies, he migrated to what was then the Indian Territory, where he became a teacher among the Indians of the Creek nation. Her mother was born in Tennessee, but previous to her marriage had been a teacher among the Indians of the Cherokee nation. Both were extremely well educated people, her father so much so that he was frequently referred to among the people who knew him best as "the walking encyclopedia." As an interesting sidelight, it might be stated that it was the custom of her parents in their private devotions at the Indian School to use the Greek and Latin version of the Bible in preference to the English, so it will be seen at once why Miss Robertson is not only a pioneer in the world of women, but also an individual of very fine mind and breadth of vision. A very retentive memory, one of her most striking characteristics, is a heritage from her father.

On meeting "Miss Alice," as she is endearingly called by all who know her, one is at once struck by her very capable air; her every word and movement convey the impression that here is a woman who, if she undertakes a responsibility at all, will discharge all the duties appertaining thereto in the most capable manner possible. There is nothing vague or vacillating in her method of thought or the manner in which

she handles a proposition—broad-minded, fair, and kind in her attitude, there could be no possible doubt in the mind of any who know her that those dependent on her in any way will receive a "square deal."

As above related, one interesting circumstance in connection with her is the fact that until a comparatively short time ago she was an ardent anti-suffragist; in fact, so strongly opposed to suffrage was she that at a meeting held in Muskogee at the Hotel Severs she requested the exponents of suffrage to prove their interest in women by sending her as a delegate to the Chicago Convention, with the result that they "steam-rolled" her completely. Many of her friends were so incensed at this—particularly her soldier friends—that they wrote her expressing their indignation and the belief that she could become a Congressional Representative if she would consent to run. In this way was born the seed that afterward bore fruit in her election to Congress. Up to that time she had entertained no thought of such a possibility.

When Miss Robertson goes to Washington it will not be the first public office that she has filled. She was for two and a half years in charge of the postoffice at Muskogee, Oklahoma, performing the duties of such office in a way that evoked the unqualified commendation of all. In this connection it might be interesting to note how she came to fill this office. Some years previous to that time she made a speech on the subject of Indian matters at Lake Mohonk, New York. Theodore Roosevelt, who happened to be present and heard her speak, afterward introduced himself to her, engaging her in conversation on the subject of Indian affairs, and this meeting was the beginning of a life-long friendship between Colonel Roosevelt and Miss Robertson. So kindly indeed was his regard for her that some years later, when a friend, Mr. Gates, requested the President to make her Postmistress of Muskogee, the petition was granted by the President on the spot.

She went about her duties with this promise in her pocket and smiling up her sleeve at the men holding daily pow-wows in an effort to determine their choice for the next postmaster.

It has been well said of Miss Robertson that she is equally at home in the cabin of the workman and the mansion of the millionaire; so adaptable is she that one knowing her could not conceive of a situation in which she would not be able to hold her own. With all her fine mentality, she is full of fun. She loves to read, and her choice is for good detective stories. It has frequently been said that women who are suited to public life are not domestic in their tastes, but the future member of Congress is a living refutation of that, for she has always been a fine cook and likes nothing better than cooking. In her extreme modesty she says it is the one little talent that God gave her. With this in mind, when she left the postoffice in Muskogee, she immediately engaged in the management of an extraordinarily good cafeteria, where most of the supplies were brought from her own farm "Sawokla," just outside Muskogee, and where she personally supervised the cooking. The success of this undertaking would be more than vouched for by anyone who has had the good luck to sample the fare at the cafeteria.

When it was proposed that as a monument to Jake Hamon, deceased national committeeman, that his widow be appointed to succeed him, Miss Robertson strongly opposed this proceeding on the ground that:

"The lesson of death must come to those to whom life is still given. The Republican women of Oklahoma cannot afford to indulge in an impractical, sentimental attitude toward one woman when that attitude is fraught with so much danger to women in general. . . . Far be it from me to fail in drawing the mantle of charity over a dead life, and yet our first duty is to the living. The laws of God—and God's laws are



A present-day photograph of Miss Robertson

Nature's laws—are that sin must be punished."

Last of all, and probably most important, must be recorded her unceasing work for the soldiers during and after the war. Never was she too tired, nor too busy, to give of her time, of her money, and of herself in order to better the lot of boys who had no other claim upon her than that of being American boys fighting for the country she so dearly loves. She let it be known that any soldier who was short of funds was more than welcome to eat at "Sawokla," and more than that, no man in a uniform was ever permitted to pay for a meal eaten there.

Taken all in all, the people of Oklahoma are very proud of this dignified, intelligent woman who is to represent them, and surely the women of the nation can rest content in the thought that whatever the new woman in Congress may undertake, she will prove equal to the emergency.

At Three Score and Five Wins Congressional Election

By Addie Farrar

FOR almost sixty years, Miss Alice M. Robertson of Oklahoma has been a decided and openly declared anti-suffragist. She never believed that men would grant women the right to hold office, much less to vote—and, yet today, Miss Robertson or "Our Miss Alice" as all Oklahomians call her, is the only woman elected to the Congress of the United States. Miss Alice did not favor suffrage until it was fairly forced upon her and then, as an active woman with years of training, she determined to make the best of it—and in the end won the Republican Congressional election of the Second district of Oklahoma. Miss Alice has little sympathy for the very modern feminists, and the ultra modern woman need expect no favors from her. She disapproves of silk stockings, too short skirts, too low bodices, and decidedly protests against women smoking cigarettes.

In spite of the fact that she always wears plain

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Building a Business

Co-operation of workers and management evident in growth of
Latex Tire and Rubber Company

By W. C. JENKINS

DURING a recent visit to Wisconsin I was informed that a rubber corporation located in that state is running twenty-four hours a day in order to keep up with its orders, and that a day and night force will in all probability be employed during the entire year.

Upon learning that this is the only rubber manufacturing concern in the United States whose factory is running twenty-four hours a day at the present time, curiosity impelled me to visit the scene of this unusual activity in order to study the organization so fortunately situated in these days of temporary business stagnation. The corporation in question is the Latex Tire and Rubber Company of Fond du Lac.

This beautiful Wisconsin city is situated on Lake Winnebago, at the head of the Fox River Valley, which is said to be the richest agricultural valley in the United States. From the viewpoint of the pleasure seeker, there is no more beautiful region in the country than this picturesque section of Wisconsin. The Lakes of Winnebago and the adjoining counties are the mecca of thousands of persons annually who are seeking recreation and pleasure.

Nor are the boating and fishing attractions the only inviting features. Hundreds of manufacturers have located in this valley and become prosperous. Labor is intelligent and plentiful, and the industries are sufficiently varied so that if there is stagnation in one line, more or less activity will prevail in another.

Then again the fertility of the soil in this section of Wisconsin has no superior for general agricultural purposes, and it is particularly adapted for dairy farming and raising blooded stock.

World's records of production in Holstein cattle have been made, while Guernseys and Jerseys have won numerous prizes for their owners.

Fond du Lac County alone produced in 1919 2,390,350 pounds of butter, and 11,525,436 pounds of cheese. Its condensery and ice cream products amounted to \$910,808.25, and this, with the value of butter and cheese manufactured, made a total dairy product of \$5,867,218.11 for the year.

The county has five pea canneries with average annual pack of nearly eight million cans. It has four hemp mills, which is a new industry in this section, with large possibilities.

The city of Fond du Lac has shown extraordinary growth during recent years. Several new factories that are considered highly successful have been added to the city's industrial activities, and others are contemplating moving to this section of the beautiful Fox River Valley. Shipping facilities are excellent and raw material for practically every line of manufacture may be secured within reasonable distance. No manufacturing community in the country has any superior advantages, while many of them have disadvantages, particularly in the character of employees that are obtainable.

Fond du Lac is a city composed largely of successful business men and retired farmers. The younger generation has been given the benefit of liberal education, and it is from this intelligent class that the Latex Tire and Rubber Company recruits its employees. It will thus be seen that

when the officials of this rubber corporation decided to locate their factory at Fond du Lac, it was not a haphazard selection. Good business judgment dominated, for it is doubtful if they could select a better place.

There is no other rubber tire and tube manufacturing concern of any consequence within a radius of seventy-five miles. If the Latex Tire and Rubber Company should eventually secure one-fourth the patronage of the rich agriculturists and business men in this region, their trade alone would treble the present capacity of the company's factory. Judging by the sentiment already created and the enthusiasm on the part of fifteen hundred boosting stockholders, a good share of the patronage of this fertile and prosperous region is assured.

The first unit of the Latex Tire and Rubber Company's plant was completed in January, 1920, and the machinery was installed in July. Actual production began in September, and from the start it was apparent that success would crown the undertaking. Actuated by this conviction, the officials began the construction of a new unit in November, which was completed in March. New machinery is arriving daily, and competent authority predicts that within a short time the plant will be one of the most modern institutions of its kind in the country.

Like all new enterprises, the company encountered the experimental period before its factory

John Brofka, vice-president, is a Wisconsin pioneer and large holder of interests in various Fond du Lac County corporations; T. W. Meiklejohn, secretary, is at the head of two other highly successful Fond du Lac business enterprises; Olando J. Koll, treasurer, is also cashier of St. Cloud, Wisconsin, state bank. These men maintain a close identity with the rubber associations of America, and hence are well informed regarding the marketing and manufacturing conditions throughout the country; and having full knowledge of the tendency of prices on raw materials, they are enabled to pilot the affairs of their corporation in waters that are comparatively free from financial and industrial shoals.

During the Golden Age of American industry—the recent war period—almost anybody could succeed in a manufacturing enterprise. There was such an abnormal demand for almost every kind of manufactured products that managerial ability was often of no particular consequence. Today things have changed, and specialists are needed in every department of a manufacturing concern if that enterprise is to succeed. Nowhere is this important truth better realized than among officials of the Latex Tire and Rubber Company, with the result that while many tire factories are running with a reduced force on short hours, the Latex is running with full force twenty-four hours a day, and has enough orders on hand to keep operation going on this basis for nearly six months. Of course this may be attributed largely to an excellent organization of the company's sales department; nevertheless, the selling force must be supplemented by financial and mechanical ability of a superior character in order to have all the machinery of the institution running smoothly.

Right at the outset the officials made it plain to all employees that the corporation is an institution in which confidence and good fellowship are dominant factors. They were told that the success of the enterprise depended largely upon the energies and enthusiasm of the workmen, and that no matter how capable and influential the management might be, if the product



New plant of Latex Tire and Rubber Company at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

could be considered as working on the most economical basis, but that period was of brief duration, and the plant was soon operating with the highest degree of efficiency and economy. During the past three years I have visited nearly all the great rubber manufacturing plants in the United States, and I found in the Fond du Lac factory operating advantages equal to the best.

The active management of the corporation is under the direct charge of the officials and an experienced and competent general manager. Heading the official body as its president and general counsel is Edward Yockey, former district attorney of Milwaukee, who during the formative period of the organization, and since, has demonstrated excellent business acumen;

was poor and unsatisfactory, it would have no standing in the market, and that permanent employment could not be expected.

It is very evident that employees fully understood the significance of the suggestions, for it would be difficult to find a corporation's product that, as a whole, was more free from imperfections. Less than twenty-five tires have been returned because of inferiority, since the company began business last November. This is a remarkable record, and, indeed, a striking contrast to the results from operations in most of the rubber factories.

The employees are impressed with the fact that there is no job so commonplace that it does not offer an opening for creative genius, and that

in any task the inventive mind has its chance. They have been told that the great fundamental truths are in obscure places, and that the men who have speeded up the progress of the world have often stumbled onto inventions while at humble jobs. In other words the management said, "Boys, the sweeper's job in its way is just as big as that of the general manager. He cannot be better than the work of the men who do the work."

It is not many years since the sentiment prevailed that the payment of a contracted wage was regarded as the only obligation assumed by the corporation in all its dealings with labor, and this sentiment on the part of corporation officials was the means of bringing more or less prejudice against all such institutions. It was vastly different to the ideals of the small manufacturer and merchant before the days of consolidated interests. There was a bond of sympathy between employer and employee, which resulted to the advantage of both.

With the advent of the corporation came a noticeable change. Men in charge of such institutions frequently had no concern for their employees, and their sole desire was to increase production, regardless of the means employed to attain the end. It often happened that employees in self-defense were compelled to organize, and then began the battle between capital and labor, in which each side was sorely wounded.

Having all these facts in mind, the officials of the Latex Tire and Rubber Company sought from the outset to make the organization a mutual enterprise in which labor would be as important a factor as the executive genius which directed. There was to be no caste or class; no domineering bosses and no unsanitary conditions under which labor might perform its duties.

The officials have no day-dreams of a working force running into the thousands, and a colossal output. Their ambitions were to create a real family of workers, know them all personally, and manufacture from five to ten million dollars' worth of the highest class of tires and tubes annually. The crave for bigness has wrecked thousands of manufacturers and merchants, and often caused a considerable blight upon American industry. It is to the credit of the Latex Tire and Rubber Company's officials that they do not entertain any wild ideas of this character that are likely to engulf the enterprise. As already stated, they want to build conservatively, and with solidity, and it can be safely predicted that their factory will be manufacturing rubber products and paying handsome dividends to stockholders when many competitors with visionary ideas of colossal output have passed into the history of American failure.

Many people imagine that the smaller rubber factories cannot compete with the large concerns that manufacture twenty or thirty thousand tires daily, and that there can be no certainty of satisfactory financial returns when the output is limited to a few hundred tires a day. As a matter of fact, many of the smaller companies show better returns to the investor than do the larger corporations. Percentage of profit is not dependent so much on colossal output as on the manufacturing cost per unit, and measured by this test it is frequently shown that the dollar gives a better account of itself when employed in an efficiently organized and well-managed small tire manufacturing concern, than in a gigantic factory where supervision and inspection must necessarily be more or less faulty.

It has taken a vast amount of the people's money to develop the rubber industry of this country, and many fortunes have been made as a consequence of judicious investments in meritorious rubber manufacturing enterprises.

Persons who have not had the opportunity to learn the fundamental principles that underlie the employment of capital in big business often wonder why shares are offered to them. The answer is that in order to mobilize money, an

industrial organization recruits dollars for business purposes the same as a military organization recruits men as a war measure. The truth is, few men have means at hand to finance their deals. The better the proposition, the more money it needs, and the quicker it requires the capital. Every important American corporation is owned by many shareholders. Over fifty thousand workers in the Akron rubber factories are shareholders in the corporations that give them employment.

The growth of the rubber industry in America has exceeded the fondest anticipation of all the early enthusiasts. Doctor Goodrich never dreamed that the company he founded fifty years ago would some day employ thirty thousand workers and send its products to every part of the globe. H. S. Firestone little thought when he proudly drove around Detroit in a rubber-tired buggy of his own design—the first rubber-tired buggy in America—that his rubber invention would lead him into the automobile tire industry, and that he eventually would be at the head of an organization of fifteen thousand employees, twelve thousand of whom were shareholders in the corporation.

Twenty years ago Frank Sieberling, now president of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, went boldly into debt to buy an old strawboard factory in Akron. His father had suffered some financial reverses; nevertheless, a friend loaned the young man sufficient money to equip the old factory for the manufacture of rubber buggy tires. In less than twenty years the enterprise which was started in such an obscure plant, and on borrowed capital grew to be one of the world's greatest industrial corporations.

What of the future? There is no single industry in America that has better prospects ahead than the manufacture of tires and tubes and other rubber products. Fortunately, for the industry, the high price of leather, which prevailed during the war, led many men of creative genius to experiment with rubber as a substitute for leather, and some marvelous results were obtained. Even the Government experts found important places where rubber could be utilized in place of leather, which had been previously employed.

The great rubber stride, however, was made in the tire and tube industry. The pneumatic tire was largely responsible for this remarkable development. It has proven an unqualified success, and no one ever imagines that a satisfactory substitute will ever be created. An automobile without a pneumatic tire would be a monstrosity. The farmer who twenty years ago went to town in a buckboard would not think of journeying to the city today unless he could ride on cushions of air.

The Latex Tire and Rubber Company has entered a field which possesses a most promising future, and when the character of the men who direct the affairs of the institution are considered, the imagination need not be stretched to see in the not far distant future a tire factory in Fond du Lac that has won more than ordinary distinction.

While high-grade tires, both cord and fabric, and tubes form the chief products of the company's factory, still other rubber products are being manufactured, and a good market has already been secured. One department is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of auto, motorcycle and bicycle accessories.

The business interests of Fond du Lac have given the new organization splendid support, and now that the institution is showing such unusual progress and manufacturing activities, each booster is proud of the part he played in launching the enterprise in that city. The State Railroad Commission has recognized the accomplishments of the corporation and has permitted the officials to advance the price of the stock on May 1 to \$12.50 per share. Tires and tubes made in Fond du Lac will soon be advertising the city throughout the country.

At Three Score and Five Wins Congressional Election

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cotton stockings, plain clothes and high-necked dresses, Miss Alice is possibly the most loved woman in the state of Oklahoma, and to everybody from the toddling, lisping baby to the oldest inhabitant she is always "Miss Alice," the beloved friend of all.

She is a woman of the pioneer type, as rugged as her own beloved state, filled with virility and energy, and so trained in out-door life that she has such perfect health that she has had no sick day in twelve years. Gray-haired, with keen blue eyes that seem to look you through, a broad, benevolent face that tops a matronly figure, erect and active, Miss Alice is younger today than hundreds of girls at twenty. With absolute integrity of character and honesty of purpose, filled with patriotism and benevolence, determination, and wonderful individuality, Miss Robertson is a character that one never forgets.

And so united is Oklahoma and this only congresswoman that to speak of one means to think of the other, for all her life she has lived in this state and her interests have been interwoven with the frontier and the march of civilization.

When her grandfather, Dr. Worcester, came from Boston to preach to the Cherokees and to translate the Bible into their language he was named by the Indians A-tse-nu-sti, meaning a messenger of good tidings. When the Cherokees were expelled from Georgia by the government Dr. Worcester went with them to the Indian Territory and as a consequence was sentenced to serve four years in prison, and actually did serve two; after which time he accepted a pardon. His daughter married, and with her husband took up the missionary work of her father, Dr. Worcester, and in 1854 Alice was born at Tullahassee Mission. Shortly afterwards her parents took Alice to Old Fort Gibson, where her father was a missionary among the Creeks. And, amid the picturesqueness of the frontier life, its ruggedness and elemental simplicity, its twang of romance and adventure, Alice grew up, always living in this part of the country save for the few years that she spent in study at Elmira College, New York. Following her graduation she took a short course in New York City with Miss Corson, the first cooking teacher, and after with Miss Huntington, the founder of Social Settlement work. Then, Miss Alice shook the confines of city life from her shoulders and went back to the bigness of her West to infuse into the Indian women some of her new ideas. Perhaps her pioneer domestic science teaching had not the correct balance of rations nor the proper proportion of calories, but through it she did finally awake the Indian women to a desire for better home conditions. Later she was instrumental in the erection of a boarding school for the full-blooded Creeks, who had become impoverished during the Green Peach War. Nujaka Mission was built and is one of the two schools still continued by the Creeks today. A call from the Mission Board took her to Muskogee, her home town of today—to take charge of an Indian Girl's school—girls from all of the five civilized tribes. Here she not only mothered all the girls but raised and educated many at her own expense, and it is an open secret, that she has bought twelve or fifteen trousseaux for as many brides.

"I want my girls to have their homes and their babies," said Miss Alice when reference was made to this. "Just because I am single is no reason every woman should be."

Real distinction came to Congresswoman Alice when the late President Theodore Roosevelt appointed her postmistress of Muskogee. This made her a pioneer again, for she was the first woman to be intrusted with a first-class post office. For eight years she filled this office,

building up the place and putting many new ideas into working and handling millions of the government's money. She did her work so well that she was credited as being among the best of the Nation's post office heads.

After leaving the post office Miss Robertson went back to her farm, Sawokla Farm, as she calls it, near Muskogee. Here, she was content to stay for the time, for she is a practical and successful farmer and was a pioneer in the establishment of rural routes and of parcel post and an ardent supporter of bond issues for roads and bridges. Then more active work called, and so this enterprising woman came into Muskogee and started a cafeteria. She had noticed that there seemed to be no place in town where the working girls could get meals for the price they could afford to pay and so she opened a cafeteria especially for them and brought butter, milk, and fresh vegetables from her farm and gave them good food at practically cost price. Then came the war. Immediately Miss Alice went into the Red Cross canteen work, and, as Muskogee is on the main line where thousands of boys in uniform went through, she was in her element. From out of that cafeteria were served meals by the hundred and not a cent would she take from a boy in Uncle Sam's uniform. She almost went broke, and when the business men of the town and the wholesalers went to her and remonstrated she laughed.

"Not a cent can they pay," said this one-hundred per cent patriot. "I still have my farm and enough to pay the bills."

"But you are using all your private means—you will go broke."

"Broke it is," she replied with some asperity, "but Uncle Sam's boys get their meals here at my expense."

And so thousands of men ate in the little cafeteria and when the boys couldn't come to the restaurant Miss Alice sent down sandwiches and coffee by the wagon load and then followed to serve the laddies. And, in this same cafeteria, which weathered the war and is still going big, Miss Alice made her Congressional campaign, and while Oklahoma voters ate her good pies and drank coffee that is coffee and rolls like mother made, with butter from the farm, she made her little campaign speeches, her "front porch" the restaurant.

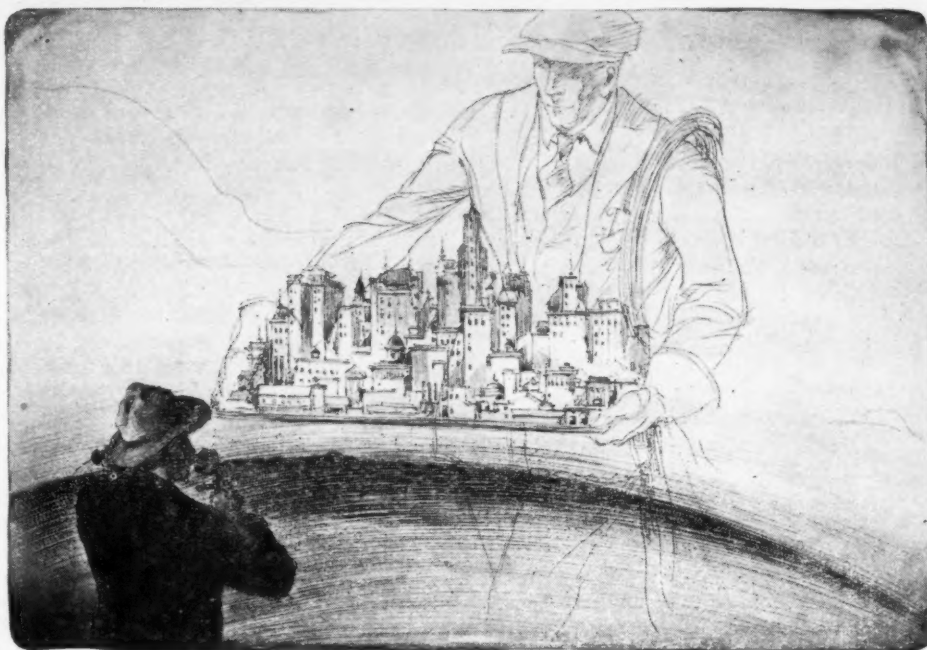
As for her own culinary ability, Miss Robertson takes a humorous view. "I've spent a dozen years running this cafeteria," she said with a twinkle in her eye "and look at me, I'm still single."

However, Oklahoma knew what it wanted and that was Miss Alice in Congress to look after their interests. They know Miss Alice—they know that for years she has been giving herself and her service to the state she loves and to the people of this state; they know that she is straight out, honest and true, loving everybody and every twig and leaf in Oklahoma. They know, too, that she will carry with her into the great body in Washington the picturesqueness of frontier life, with its sharp cleavage between right and wrong, and that she will work for the interest of humanity, of women's rights, protective children's laws, and for the good of the Red man. And every time her beautiful voice (for her voice is beautiful with a lovely accent), will be raised from the floor of Congress, every inhabitant of Oklahoma will swell with pride and whisper softly:

"It's our own Miss Alice."

There are three difficulties in authorship—to write anything worth the publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men to read it.—Colton.

Search out the wisdom of Nature, there is depth in all her doings; she seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the maxims of frugality.—Tupper.



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Heeding no barrier of river, mountain, forest or desert; unmindful of distance; the telephone has spread its network of communication to the farthest outposts of our country.

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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

And all directed toward Better Service

Uncle Sam's Job

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Asia should move upon Europe either by the westward or the eastward route? Uncle Sam would be a poltroon and a recreant if he did not join other nations, on some terms acceptable to his countrymen, in the effort to prevent war. There is no permanent peace without disarmament, and no world disarmament in which the United States does not share.

This is not a pleasant state of things. It is unreasonable that the world should be today a more dangerous place to live in than it was in 1914, before the War. If Uncle Sam is wise, however, he will deal with facts and not with desires. It is entirely possible for him to throw the vast weight and resources of this powerful country against war spirit and war preparation without sacrificing anything that is necessary

for our welfare, and without taking away that essential power of national decision upon great questions concerning national existence and national growth.

What is the main job of Uncle Sam, if not to join with other peace-desiring nations, on terms which he may well propose himself, to do whatever can be done by human means to prevent the breaking out of fresh wars? For if Uncle Sam needs to look out for what is going on in the rest of the world, the world at large equally needs and must have the good temper, the democracy, and the determination for peace which mark Uncle Sam.

There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connections.

—Sir A. Alison.

Humanizing an Industry

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was appreciation of the president's meeting them in person to explain the condition of the business. This was so different from the old and cold method of posting a placard or passing the will of the corporation to the workers through the lips of foremen.

"I think that this is the first time in the history of Lawrence," the first spokesman said, "that the president of a corporation such as this has met his employees and talked with them so freely and frankly over existing conditions, and we can do nothing better than to leave the whole matter in the hands of our president, Mr. Wood, with every confidence that his judgment will be for the best."

"I think he will look after us all right," the Italian spokesman concluded in thanking the president for all he had done.

And the women's representative believed "that the best plan all round was for the employees to place their confidence in Mr. Wood, as he had never failed to co-operate in every possible way, and could be depended upon to do so in the future."

These sentiments of reciprocity good will brought President Wood again to his feet, as visibly affected he acknowledged dependence upon co-operation of the workers in the past, and said he would depend upon it in the future, adding that he was firm in the belief that better times were ahead, and that as a contented and prosperous unit they would make the most of better business conditions when they came about.

Concluding its report of the proceedings, "The A. W. Employees Booster"—itself a tangible evidence of the American Woolen Mills fine spirit, said: "This meeting is a happy omen for the times, which will bring no problems we cannot solve, if we meet them in the same spirit of intelligent and practical co-operation."

Mark the "we."

"The Timekeepers of Progress"

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erected now. Furthermore, it would be quite reasonable to assume that the buildings of group No. 2 could be permanent structures and retained in their positions by the different foreign governments and so owned as headquarters for visitors, as sources of information and opportunities for advertisement and for publicity regarding the products of the countries represented. If this were properly put up to the foreign governments, it would seem as if it would be an opportunity which they would be very eager to accept, to present themselves in their best light to the people of Boston and to the country. The same would apply in perhaps a limited extent to the buildings in group No. 3, the State Buildings. In previous exhibitions these buildings have been temporary in their nature and destroyed at the conclusion of the exhibition, with a few exceptions, but the great need has always been to properly advertise and afford headquarters facilities for the different states, to be maintained indefinitely for the benefit of the states represented. We believe this also would prove a very acceptable opportunity to many of our states. So far as we know, none of the states at present have any local representations in our big cities.

"The buildings in group No. 4, the Machinery Buildings, would, of course, be of temporary nature and would be taken down at the close of the exhibition, but in connection with this group there would be two, possibly four, new bridges which would form a permanent addition to the Metropolitan District. River Street certainly needs a new bridge. There is a new bridge needed across the Charles beside Braves Field and all these bridges will come in time undoubtedly, but had better come now as a part of this exhibition.

"One excellent feature of this location is that it deranges practically none of the existing lines of communication. The Cambridge Park driveway would be closed during the exhibition. The continuation of River Street in Allston would likewise be closed, but neither of these are necessary thoroughfares. The Cambridge traffic can perfectly well be carried out Massachusetts Avenue, and the Allston traffic go out Western Avenue, so that the field within the enclosure of the exhibition could be kept enclosed without interfering with any of the functions of the city.

"In regard to details of construction, it must be remembered that the Back Bay is quite shallow, that a combination of concrete pile and pre-cast interlocking slabs would be a very economical construction for the river walls, and that the filling is already in the river and could be easily lifted into place by hydraulic dredges at a very slight expense, so that the construction of the additional land required for the emplacement on the river banks and along the island is a very simple matter.

"As regards the restriction as to size of the river, the channel at its narrowest point, as suggested, would be some five hundred feet wide, or nearly twice the width at the narrow points above. The channel each side of the island, if the full width we have indicated were taken, would still be at least five hundred feet wide, and this narrowing could be as temporary as might be found to be advisable.

"In regard to expropriation of private property, in the whole area indicated there are only two or three buildings which would need to be taken, and these are all on the riverbank driveway of Cambridge. The Riverbank Court Hotel would not be touched. One or two houses and the private hospital above would be taken. The Gray & Davis factory and the Ford warehouses could be included, if desired, but we have not so shown it. We have left these outside the exhibition grounds. In Allston there are a few old factories, some of them in ruins, and a few private houses; none of any value and none worth any sacrifice to maintain. On the right bank of the river from the Cottage Farm bridge down to Massachusetts Avenue, no private property is taken, but the shore is built out and the new buildings which would be erected would cut off to a certain extent the view of the water, or perhaps more properly it could be said that instead of the present dreary waste of water, there would be substituted a long line of beautiful buildings set in a succession of parks."

The architects constituting the advisory board thus reporting are C. H. Blackall, Charles A. Coolidge, Ralph Adams Cram, J. Harleston Parker and Charles D. Maginnis.

Colonel Frederick Neal Dow

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Building Association, Union Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and Portland Farmers Club, besides holding office in a score of other associations. For a number of years he has owned a large farm at Dunstan, and he has been a motorist since automobiles came into practical vogue.

The birthday souvenir publication, of which mention has been made, contains an interview with Hon. William Widgery Thomas, former minister to Sweden, who was Fred's schoolmate. Dow and he founded the Webster Sporting and Debating Club, out of whose membership of twelve boys came Tom Reed, the great speaker of the National House; Fred Dow, speaker of the House of Representatives of Maine, and another Maine speaker in the person of Mr. Thomas himself. "And I know Fred will agree with me," the retired diplomat concluded, "that if the schoolboys of today want to be parliamentarians and speakers they should form debating clubs among themselves and have their debates as we did."

PETER LORING—HUMAN BEING EXTRAORDINARY

BECAUSE he is what he is, the natural kind of a man that always strikes us as being different and distinctive, Porter Loring has given the world a new meaning and conception of the business of the professional mortician, sometimes known as undertaker or funeral director, but both of these terms have lost caste with the profession and the public. Loring blazed new and original paths and his success is proof that he knew what he was doing.

Since the days of the Pharaohs we have thought of the undertaker as a long-faced and serious-minded personage, wearing a white tie and long-tailed coat, and a professional mourner's face,



PETER LORING

President of the Fiesta San Jacinto Association of San Antonio, and past president of the San Antonio Rotary Club

holding himself aloof from his fellows. Not so with Porter Loring, who reverses this ancient rule by dressing like a human being, by being normal and a man's man, by being a good mixer who knows how to make and hold friends and by otherwise humanizing his business by bringing it down to earth and investing it with natural human qualities, with the result that he robs the occasion of death of all its sombre hues, and to this extent adds to the happiness, comfort, and consolation of the living. The net result, as far as Loring is concerned, of this breaking away from superstitious traditions is that he probably has the largest business of its kind in Texas, and that he, individually, personally, and professionally, is its most popular and useful representative. He has helped to rescue the business of the funeral director from an unnatural condition and made it respectable—made it a profession. Now, Porter Loring would have made a howling success in any line. He would have made a master salesman because his face and conversation inspire confidence of the lasting kind. But

it happens that he drifted into the business of being a professional funeral director. He did not naturally gravitate to the business, because he spent several years in the offices of a railroad company, and as an investment acquired an interest in an undertaking establishment, but not intending to devote any time to the business. Loring believes in forging ahead intellectually, and one day quit the railroad job, where promotions were few and infrequent. He began the study of his new profession, and in due time was a full-fledged licensed mortician; and once in the business on his own account he realized the need of "pep," personality, and a more sympathetic understanding of the business. He saw the opportunity to make the business a very human and intimate work, providing the environment was right. To remedy this and get away from the commercial idea, Mr. Loring purchased one of the most artistic buildings in San Antonio, adjoining a beautiful park, and in all respects suggestive of a home; and in order to make the building present the atmosphere of a home, he changed the interior to meet his requirements, with decorations, draperies, furnishings and flowers to carry out the effect. While none of us mind going into an undertaking establishment, we do not like to be reminded of the fact that we are in one while there, and Loring knew this; so he made his place as near like a home as it could be made, and accommodate his professional needs. One could visit his office and not be aware of being in an undertaking establishment.

Though not a college or even high-school graduate, Porter Loring has become an educated man, able to think on his feet, make a good talk, or address the Rotary Club or the National Funeral Directors Convention, which he was instrumental in securing for his home city of San Antonio at the Springfield convention last year. When most boys are finishing at high school or getting ready to enter college, Porter Loring was thrown on his own resources. His father being in poor health, the family responsibility partially fell on him; but he did a man's work and made good. Now at forty-four he is on the high-road to real achievement and financial independence. What is more important, he is a real man, loved and respected by all who know him. He loves books and is a good student, and has an appreciation of all things spiritual and intellectual, believes in the nobility of work and the Golden Rule in business. By being different and doing his work better than his competitor, he is a credit to the profession which he has helped to elevate and standardize. As a member of the Executive Committee of the National Funeral Directors Association, Mr. Loring has rendered that organization valuable service; and when the next national convention is held in San Antonio in October the fifteen hundred or two thousand delegates from all parts of the country will meet one of the rare characters of their profession—a human being extraordinary.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, ETC.

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 1st day of April, 1921.
Chas. D. M. Bishop, Notary Public.
(My commission expires June 14, 1923.)
(Seal)

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Correspondence Invited

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"Taps!" for Past Commander-in-Chief Grand Army of the Republic

Continued from page 62

attended all of the principal meetings of the Camp. He was present at the Camp's twenty-fifth anniversary, in June, 1920. About a year before his last illness, Comrade Gilman left his library of several hundred valuable war books, and also a very unique table made up from representations of cannon, balls, etc., to the Post of which he was a member, with the provision that when the Post surrenders its charter the books and the table pass into custody of the Camp of Sons of Veterans.

Wherever John E. Gilman spoke before patriotic bodies, whether throughout the state which is proud to claim him, or in other states as he traveled about in his official capacity, he always had an encouraging word and a strong commendation for the Order of Sons of Veterans, to whom he looked to carry on the work of Memorial Day after the veterans of the Civil War have departed.

* * * *

Mr. Gilman had a gift in poetry. One of his poems, often sung at G. A. R. gatherings to the tune of "Lead, Kindly Light," was as follows:

The years roll by, time swiftly wings its flight;
We're growing old.
The wintry blast has touched us with its blight;
We're growing old.
Our eyes are dimmed, our ears refuse to hear;
Our faltering steps proclaim the end is near.

It was not thus when treason raised its head;
Then we were young.
When loyal men grew pale with fear and dread;
Then we were young.
At Lincoln's call we fought for liberty;
A land we saved, a people we set free.

We murmur not at our advancing age;
Thy will be done.
We've played our part, we're passing off the stage;
Thy will be done.
We wrought for God, our country and for right;
We've borne our cross, O may our crown be bright.

Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 78

French high command and reform serious abuses of which all the world knew. A certain American who belonged to the Council of Defense had been selected to represent the United States on the commission, and a cablegram prepared summoning him to Europe. On this afternoon Mr. Noyes was going by The Crillon and thought he would take a chance on just shaking hands with Mr. Baruch and some of the others. The moment he showed his face inside something seemed to strike Mr. Baruch, and he said to his assistant:

"By G—! here is the very man we want for the Rhineland!"

"Oh, no," Mr. Noyes objected. "I have finished my war work and I am going to Italy tomorrow."

Heart Throbs and Heart Thrills

Continued from page 83

turned its sleepy gaze across the void, heaved a seemingly mortal sigh, and trembled throughout its rickety frame.

Did it have the blind staggers? Imagination pictured my ricocheting down the side of the fearsome cliff, to where the coroner would not be able to collect my remains in a month. Then I was struck with presence of mind in the right leg, causing the foot to leave the stirrup preparatory to a leap for the inner side of the trail. I saw horse and rider dashing down below as I hung on to the rear of the horse, who turned and looked at me as much as saying, "I was merely enjoying the scenery." He took fresh breath,

backed up on the trail and ambled forward as if he enjoyed giving his rider a real thrill.

It was surely a thrill of thrills.

* * *

THE THRILL OF MOTHERHOOD

The great thrill of my life was when my first-born was placed in my arms. It seems as if that little pulsating form was more precious than my own flesh. It was me projected into the next generation.

In the little eyes looking into my own I seemed to find my very soul—the baby's smile seemed like a beam from heaven.

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"Not by a darn sight!" the chief exploded, with customary abruptness. "you are not going to Italy, you are going right up to the Rhineland."

He lunched with Mr. Baruch, who, over the refreshments, persuaded him this was only a winding up of his services for the war and the period would not be longer than three months.

Dropping his samples and everything, three days later Mr. Noyes was in the Rhineland. He found it "impossible to leave with any kind of decency," as he puts it, for nearly fifteen months. In fact, he only let go to come home when the United States withdrew its direct representation on European commissions owing to the refusal of the Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles.

As a result of his Rhineland experience and observation, Mr. Noyes has made a valuable contribution to reconstruction literature in a book entitled, "While Europe Waits for Peace," which has received merited praise from the reviewers. It should be in the hands of all students of the present world situation.

The thrill of a young father and mother seems to me goes deeper into the heart than any other emotion of life.

* * *

A SOUTHERN GIRL SEEING THE FIRST SNOWSTORM

"My greatest thrill came with the first snow fall I'd ever seen!" declares a little blue-eyed miss from Tampa, Florida. "I'd gone to visit in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the first thing I did was to get a teaspoon and run out to taste it! I stood at the window, literally transfixed, for an hour, watching the snow fall. I don't see how anyone can ever tire of snow!"

THE STEINWAY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENTS, state guests, visitors, musicians, and the *cognoscenti* who have heard and viewed the White House Steinway grand have hailed the instrument as a very *ultima thule* of American art pianoforte manufacture."

Such was the closing paragraph of a review in *The Music Trades* five years ago, of the last of the season's musicales at the White House, arranged under the auspices of Steinway & Sons, when President and Mrs. Wilson and family entertained four hundred guests. Percy Grainger, the Australian virtuoso, was pianist of the evening, Charles Gilbert Spross coming in as accompanist for the vocalists, Miss Mary Jordan, contralto, and Paul Reimers, tenor. Among the masters interpreted were Chopin, Tchaikowsky, Caccini, Mendelssohn and Schubert, other numbers comprising British and international folk songs, songs by various composers, and dance music. Alexander Steinert, of the famous Boston firm of pianoforte manufacturers, was the only invited guest whose name appeared in the report.

That was but one of scores of White House musicales in which the White House Steinway was the central object of interest, since the instrument was placed in the "setting unrivalled in American social circles," to borrow the phrase of the musical journal already quoted.

When the Steinways, early this century, approached the number 100,000 in their make of pianofortes, the officers of the firm conceived the idea of fashioning the piano to receive that epochal number in the form of an art model, of the most exquisite finish possible, and presenting it as a gift to the nation, to be placed in the White House at Washington for the use and entertainment of the President and his family and the guests of the Presidential household. When the suggestion was advanced to President Roosevelt, he received it with characteristic enthusiasm and cordially approved it. Ultimately completed at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, it was presented to the government in January, 1903, by Steinway & Sons.

To produce this great work the services of the most noted artists, sculptors, architects and designers of America were enlisted. R. H. Hunt and J. H. Hunt designed the case. Edward H. Blashfield, Thomas W. Dewing, Frederick W. Halls, Richard H. Hunt and J. Burr Tiffany constituted the advisory committee. Dewing was the artist who executed the painting under the cover, which represents the nine muses being received by the young republic America.

Entirely overlaid with gold, the instrument is mounted upon three eagles half regardant, with spread wings, standing upon a square pedestal draped with laurel wreaths. The sides are adorned with scrolls of acanthus, framed and linked together, respectively bearing the arms of the thirteen original states.

Steinway & Sons, by request of President Roosevelt, managed the initial musicale in which their munificent gift figured, and performed the part so acceptably that they were requested to provide subsequent programs. This service became traditional, so that the preparation and presentation of White House programs, ever since the inauguration of the Steinway art grand, has been in the hands of that firm.

In this labor of love the Steinways have preserved a patriotic motive. They have maintained the policy that has long distinguished the house, of encouraging American music and American artists. Although almost all of the great visiting foreign virtuosi of the pianoforte and prima donnas and concert artists were heard, and the masterpieces of the Old World musical literature have had place on the programs, American pianists and other instrumentalists, American singers and American compositions, once they had won the recognition and approval of the artistic world, were accorded their deserved opportunity in performances before the President and the White House guests.



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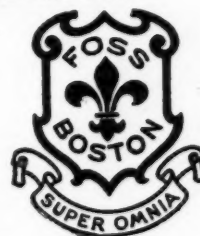
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